THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES VOLUME LXIII. | **No. 3643 May 2, 1914** | FROM BEGINNING VOL. CCLXXXI.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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A PRAYER.

Leave not a veil before my eyes,
Tear from my mind the shield of lies,
And from my soul the web of sophistries;
Yea, though I sicken, shirk, and flee,
God, give me eyes to see.

Send me no song so honey-sweet
That I forget the harsher beat
Of life, the pulsing discords of the street;
Smite me with sorrow as a spear—
But give me ears to hear.

Grant me the will to pay for light,
For vision overtopping sight,
And dreams that are not of the passing night:
Yield, at what price Thou shalt demand,
A heart to understand.

The Athenæum. *V. H. Friedlaender.*

THE HEART'S EXIGENCE.

I knew not what my heart was crying
All the long way I went unblest—
A dark diviner, prophesying
Some good not imaged or exprest.

A sea-bird whom the egg deliver'd
Far from the sea in leafy lands,
Gracious and green and tranquil-river'd,
To ministry of nurturing hands,

Knows not what anguish of strange passion
Assails him, or what thing unseen
His blindly groping guess would fashion
Beyond smooth walks and steadfast green.

Only sometimes the sky in flashes
Gives utterance—the scudding white—
The gale that gathers voice and crashes
Among the tree-tops, shadow and light

That sweep the silver summer grasses,
The savor of something in the wind,
Have meaning in them that surpasses
His reach, suggestion undefined.

What if at last his fosterer bore him
Down to the great sea's fringe of foam,
Set in a moment wide before him
The freedom of his natural home?—

The wet enormous rollers breaking,
Wild manes that, upward flung, emerge
One still beyond the other, making
Against the sky a fretted verge!

A sound wherein sounds many mingle,
Surf-smother'd rock and reboant cave,
The long sigh of the wave-swept shingle,
The conquering tumult of the wave!

Lights, gleams and shadows, shifting, changing,
Translucent jasper, sheen of steel!
Great winds that have all heaven for ranging,
Sharp with salt spray, and life to feel!

O what would came to pass within him
That hour of wonder in that place!
What joy o'erwhelm, what rapture win him!—
I know, for I have seen Thy Face.

The Nation. *Edwyn Bevan.*

QUIETUDE.

My days pass in a laboring dream;
Night rounds them with a dreamless sleep;
And then the phantom ends of strife
The silence and the shadow keep.

Day drags me from the quiet dark
In alien marts to strive and cry,
Nor leaves one spell with power to break
The dream miscalled reality.

But as long pain-wrack melts to peace
Beneath the opiate's slow caress,
The tyranny of life's untruth
Dissolves in night and nothingness.

L. H.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN FRANCE.

When Mr. J. E. C. Bodley told Cardinal Manning that he was engaged in writing a book on politics and parties in France, the venerable Cardinal said "It is like writing the history of a kaleidoscope." The truth of this judgment is universally recognized in France, where the average man will tell you that he neither knows nor cares how many different groups there are in the Chamber of Deputies nor what they stand for. M. Ponsot, *député*, recently described them as "in appearance innumerable, in variety as infinite as the shades of the primary colors." They arise and manœuvre and dissolve with the rapidity of morning mists: and when they vanish, no man can say whence they came nor whither they have gone, nor indeed what they accomplished in their brief existence. To this rule there are exceptions, as, for instance, the Unified Socialists of the Extreme Left; but the majority are as transient as the occasion which gave them birth, and the attempt at a given moment to define their frontiers in the Chamber is baffling and unprofitable: as well might one draw lines on a desert of sand where the first wind that arises will obliterate them for ever. "Nous sommes dans l'incohérence," said M. Clemenceau not long ago: and there are signs in France to-day that point to a deep dissatisfaction with the present political instability and a desire for a better discipline in Parliament and a firmer hand in government. I hope to be able to show that one of the great issues of contemporary politics is M. Briand's attempt to substitute for this chaos of conflicting groups a more stable and abiding form of political organization which may ensure at least a relative continuity of policy.

In my endeavor to present a brief sketch of contemporary politics in France I am aware that a British politician is always liable to fall into the error of supposing that the only satisfactory model of parliament government is his own; but I think I may say that residence in France and a fairly constant watch upon French domestic politics have opened my eyes to see that such a claim is not only erroneous but pharisaical. Many a time when seated in the semi-circular gallery which surrounds the French Chamber I have been moved to make the contrast between it and the House of Commons, and to conclude that each Chamber has valuable lessons to learn from the other. Indeed—and here my French friends are wont to agree with me—the essence of the contrast seems to lie in this: that each suffers from a virtue carried to excess. In the Chamber of Deputies parliamentary freedom has become licence: in the House of Commons parliamentary discipline has become tyranny. This fruitful theme, however, is not the immediate subject of the present article: and I must therefore leave it for a time and return to the enumeration of parties in the Chamber.

On the morrow of the defeat of the Barthou ministry last December, the *Humanité* published a list of ten political organizations which had taken part in the division. Since then several important groups of the Centre and the Left have been [illegible] to form M. Briand's new *Fédération des Gauches*, and we may reduce the number of substantial combatants on that account to four: The *Right*, consisting of Catholic, Nationalist, Boulangist, and Monarchist groups which form a kind of permanent Opposition; the *Fédération des Gauches;* the *Radical Party*

led, till the other day, by M. Joseph Caillaux; and the *Unified Socialists* who follow M. Jaurès.

As the issue of the contest this month lies between the two principal groups of the *Left-Centre* and the *Left* I pass to them at once, leaving the comparatively powerless groups of the Right out of consideration. I do not suggest that the latter have not in the past, and may not again, hold the balance between contending parties of the Left: and, in this respect, their importance in the Chamber was clearly demonstrated during the passage of the Three Years Law last year; but, for the moment, as at all normal times, the centre of political conflict lies further to the Left where the opposing forces of M. Briand and M. Caillaux meet.

The General Election, on Sunday, April 26, came at a moment when the French people had to make a choice of unusual importance which lies not so much in the nature of the specific questions of the day as in the nature of the protagonists in the contest. Beneath the issues of finance, defence, and electoral reform lies the broad question: "Is the French Republic now so strongly entrenched in the hearts of the people that she can afford to exercise a greater tolerance towards her domestic enemies than she could ever do while her own existence was at stake?" M. Briand, speaking for his powerful new organization, the *Fédération des Gauches*, answers "Yes." The Radicals and Socialists "No." The broad issue thus presented is known by the title of *L'Apaisement;* and to appreciate its significance we must take account of the position of the principal parties in the French Chamber.

The Unified Socialist Party, which since last December has formed the militant wing of the Government majority, claims to be the most highly organized and disciplined of French parties. It is a collectivist group, seventy-five strong, which contains some of the most striking personalities in French politics. Its leader, M. Jean Jaurès, is a man of European reputation whose qualities are too well known to need recital here. While it claims to represent Labor in the Chamber, it is not purely a Labor Party and has never been so closely allied to Trade Unionism as the British Parliamentary Labor Party. It has indeed suffered a loss of power and influence owing to the explicit repudiation of parliamentary action by the principal Trade Union body, the *Confédération Générale du Travail.* Its socialism has been oratorical and utopian, not legislative; and though it has now begun to develop a constructive policy its main strength for many years lay in anti-clerical measures which occupied a more prominent place in its political programme than any scheme of economic reform. Under the influence of M. Jules Guesde it impaired its parliamentary power by adopting the dogma that no true socialist party may vote for the Budgets of *bourgeois* Governments; but recent events have driven it from that position, and M. Jaurès, when challenged in the Chamber last February, was constrained to admit that his party would vote for M. Caillaux's budget "because its proposals marked an advance towards democratic finance." Changes of policy in other directions also, notably its sudden loss of interest in Proportional Representation, tend to show that the Unified Socialists have prepared an alliance with the Radical Party even at the cost of renouncing convictions and policies which they placed in the very forefront of their advocacy less than a year ago. These changes have caused considerable defections of Labor and brought the discontent within the party to a head af-

ter the Party Congress at Amiens this year when M. Allemane, the veteran leader of Labor-in-revolt, declared that he could not accept the alliance with the Radical Party because it meant the renunciation of the faith which alone had made the Socialist Party great. There was no occasion for sacrifice, he said, as there had been in days when the Republic itself was in danger.

Our collaboration with parties of the *Bourgeoisie* in 1889 (the Boulangist crisis) or in 1900 (the Dreyfus case) was of an essentially momentary character, limited to a specific action and designed solely to avert a grave and immediate peril. There was then no question of a coalition of plutocrats, greedy of power and its spoils, as is the case to-day. The Socialist party has "saved the Republic" often enough: it is now time that it took honest and drastic action in the interests of the workers alone. The alliance with the Radicals which was sealed at Amiens was an immoral pact.

M. Allemane's revolt shows that, as in England so in France, the Socialist Party has many troublesome guerrilla warriors on its flank; and it is also a sign of the gradual abandonment by the party of their intransigent attitude for the more fruitful, if less heroic, policy of political co-operation with the large group which is its immediate neighbor in the Chamber of Deputies.

The Radical Party—*le parti radical et radical socialiste*—is the mainstay of the present Ministry and claims to be the only true Republican group in the Chamber. It was the predominant partner in the famous anti-clerical *bloc* which carried the Church Separation Law and reached the height of its power under M. Emile Combes. When the anti-clerical policy was accomplished the *bloc* lost its cohesion and the Radical Party began to decline. During the life of the present Chamber it has clearly shown its inability to fashion a policy which would maintain its unity and power, and in its divided state it has been powerless to stem the reaction which set in against it. Of the eight Ministries which have held office since the General Election of 1910 only three owed their existence to its support, and these three proved utterly sterile. M. Clemenceau, Radical Senator as he is, has revealed the cause. In his new journal, *L'Homme Libre*, throughout 1913 he waged ceaseless warfare against the Briand and Barthou Cabinets; he attacked President Poincaré as usurping the functions of government in order to inaugurate an era of "personal rule," in the Republic, but when his friends in the Chamber succeeded in driving the Barthou Ministry out of office he was forced to confess that the Radical Party was in no condition to form a working majority or to maintain its own Ministry. "I have shown," he wrote on the 29th of November, "how the exercise of power uninterruptedly for nearly fifty years has brought about the inevitable disorganization of the Republican Party. *Les appétits de fonctions . . . ont accompli leur œuvre naturelle de décomposition.*" And after expressing an envious admiration of the powerful force of public opinion which gives cohesion and discipline to political parties in England, he proceeds (December 5):

The exclusively Republican majority which upset the Barthou Cabinet must weld itself into one cohesive whole—*doit se bloquer*—before it can pretend to be a stable government majority in the Chamber or able to carry on the necessary Republican campaign in the country before the approaching elections. . . . I should be shirking the main difficulty if I did not admit that it is one thing to preach unity and quite another to achieve it. There is indeed no lack of obstacles. First of all, Tuesday's triumphant majority contained the group of revolutionary Socialists who, in every division on Proportional Representation, helped to

make a majority for Barthou. It is therefore impossible to number them among the elements of any Republican majority we desire just now. . . . Indeed, look where you will you see that everywhere and in everything there is but one root of all these evils—namely, a so-called "electoral reform" which destroys the right of majorities to govern, and which is being imposed upon the great Republican party for that very reason by a nefarious coalition of Socialists, Monarchists, Clericals, and pseudo-Republicans.

The difficulties of the Radical Party, here so candidly discussed by one of its greatest friends, were not diminished by the approach of a General Election. The Radical Cabinet has succeeded in retaining office since December last only by remaining inactive. So precarious, indeed, is its position that it has not ventured to claim a vote of confidence in the Senate on the question of the income tax which is the principal plank in the party platform; nor has it defined its own attitude to the two great questions of the day—*viz.* national defence and electoral reform. Its members are divided on both; ten Ministers having voted for the Three Years' Law and five, including M. Caillaux, against it; while two voted in favor of Proportional Representation and eight against it. In both cases several did not vote. The Cabinet thus presents the spectacle of a Ministry hostile to the two principal projects which have been passed by large majorities resting on the support of the Chamber which passed them. The imminence of the General Election explains the strange phenomenon. Under the highly centralized Napoleonic system of administration, with 800,000 State functionaries marshalled by the Prefects under the order of the Minister of the Interior, immense electoral power is wielded by the Ministry which in the expressive phrase *makes* the elections. To gain this power, and with no other end in view, the Radical Party made their supreme effort last December to drive the Barthou Cabinet from office and, having succeeded, they could do nothing but mark time till the date of the election. And scores of deputies outside the Radical Party support the present Ministry solely because it holds the keys of electoral life and death. In such circumstances the Government programme is necessarily obscure. According to the region which they represent Radical candidates will praise or attack the Three Years' Law, and no matter what line they take they will receive the invaluable support of the Prefect. At the first ballots they will denounce Proportional Representation, and at the second ballots they will join hands with the Unified Socialists who are (or have been till now) the strongest partisans of the measure. On the subject of income tax, a month's manœuvring has availed to obscure every vestige of whatever plan the Government may have had; contradictory announcements have followed, each hard upon the heels of the other, from the office of the Treasury; and the only definite statement which remains is M. Caillaux's declaration in the Chamber that he "would append taxes on income and capital to his budget, but that there was not enough time for that enterprise before the elections." At Mamers he declared that his policy was not aggressive, but that the time had come when the exigencies of French finance demanded a large measure of direct taxation. "He saw no reason why a tax upon incomes, with a carefully graduated tax upon capital, should create any economic disturbance. England, he said, had long relied upon the income tax as one of her chief sources of revenue. Other countries were following her example. Was there any reason why France

should not do the same? He reminded the possessors of wealth that their duty to the State must include a contribution according to their means, and such a contribution they had never yet given. The attitude of the wealthy French bourgeoisie towards all proposals of democratic finance seemed to him dangerously to resemble that of the privileged classes before 1789."

Clearly, with a Budget deficit of 32,000,000*l.*, some heroic act is needed, and M. Caillaux's proposals, nebulous as they seemed, were more honest and permanent than the project of a great loan which was put forward by his predecessor. It will be remembered that, on the eve of its fall, M. Barthou's Government received the grudging assent of the Chamber, by the narrow majority of twenty-one, to his loan of 52,000,000*l.* which was designed to cover the non-recurring capital expenditure of the Three Years' Law [36,000,000*l.*] and the expenses of the military occupation of Morocco [16,000,000*l.*]. The latter sum was not a liability of M. Barthou's Government, for it had already been paid in three instalments in the Budgets of 1911, 1912, and 1913; nevertheless M. Barthou proposed to relieve those three Budgets of the Moroccan charges and transfer them, in the false guise of non-recurring expenditure, to the loan, thus creating on those three years a surplus of 16,000,000*l.* for the partial relief of the heavily burdened Budget of 1914. This device expired —for a time—with its authors, and M. Caillaux proposed to restore the long-lost equilibrium of French Budgets by boldly opening new sources of revenue in taxes on income and capital and by a "drastic revision of expenditure." The latter phrase rang with a reassuring note, but the hopes which it aroused were speedily damped by the news that revision meant several undesirable things, among them being a juggle with past Budgets which revived in a new form the old manœuvre of Moroccan expenditure. In his speeches M. Caillaux made great play with the grave increase in expenditure on war, but the figures tell another tale. In ten years French expenditure has risen by 60,000,000*l.*, of which war preparations amount to 22,000,000*l.* and increases in domestic outlays to 38,000,000*l.*, a large part of which has disappeared in the spendthrift and corrupting policy of departmental doles. Indeed, it is not too much to say that one half of the present deficit is due to unnecessary expenditure on works of various kinds in districts whose good-will the Government desired to secure; nor can it be said that the French people have shown any earnest disposition to stop this ever-widening leak. The Treasury will doubtless raise a considerable revenue by the new taxes, but unless "drastic revision" includes a stricter Treasury control over these doles, the task of balancing the Budget will soon be as difficult as ever.

Such was the position in the middle of March when M. Caillaux resigned his office as Minister of Finance after the murder of M. Gaston Calmette, the editor of the *Figaro*. The motive which drove Madame Caillaux to avenge her husband by shooting his arch-detractor was personal; but M. Calmette's campaign was political and its tragic end will have far-reaching consequences. From the moment when M. Caillaux took office last December the *Figaro*, voicing the anger of *la haute finance* against the author of the income tax, attacked him with great violence, alleging that he had encouraged the heirs of a certain concessionaire, M. Priou by name, to make a large claim against the Treasury, which he undertook to grant provided the spoils were shared with him; that he had tampered with public contracts

in his own interest; that he had winked at the irregular transaction of a Turkish loan in Paris; that his financial house, the *Crédit Foncier Argentin*, had unloaded worthless South American stocks upon the French investing public; that his *volte-face* in the Senate upon the immunity of the *Rente* from income tax was a manœuvre deliberately designed to facilitate the speculations of his friends on the Stock Exchange; and that he had shielded the notoriously fraudulent financier, Rochette, from prosecution because he himself was implicated in Rochette's transactions. Some of these charges M. Caillaux denied outright; others he ignored; and M. Calmette's campaign might well have defeated itself by its own virulence and exaggeration had not Madame Caillaux intervened with her revolver. To-day, and in the elections, M. Calmette, dead, is a more terrible antagonist than the editor of the *Figaro*, living. It is too early yet to say that Madame Caillaux's folly has closed her husband's career, or that the investigation of the Rochette scandal will drive him out of public life. French public opinion is a strange and fickle thing which may veer in his favor when the first shock of horror is past; but, for the immediate purpose of the General Election, his brilliant gifts were lost to his party, which went leaderless into the conflict. Even M. Caillaux's fall, however, did not and does not close the chapter of Radical troubles, for other Ministers were implicated in the charges brought against him, and one of them, M. Monis, Minister of Marine and former Premier at the time of the Rochette scandal, resigned within twenty-four hours. M. Rochette was a financier whose trial for fraud should have taken place in April 1911, but was postponed by the personal intervention of the Prime Minister, M. Monis, who desired, so it was said, to save his Finance Minister, M. Caillaux, from the embarrassment of a most awkward case. Against the postponement the Procurator-General vehemently protested and lodged his protest in a formal document at the Ministry of Justice. His protest was received, placed in a pigeon-hole, and ignored, and the embarrassing revelations were thus suppressed while M. Rochette made good his escape from justice. Despite the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry by the Chamber (by which it was hoped to shelve the whole matter) M. Caillaux's part in *l'affaire Rochette* might have remained in oblivion but for the fact that the late editor of the *Figaro* possessed a copy of the declaration of protest, signed by the Procurator-General on the 31st of March 1911, which he intended to publish in his newspaper on the 20th of March of this year, the date of debate on the Rochette affair in the Chamber. After M. Calmette's death the document came into the hands of M. Barthou who read it aloud in the Chamber during the sitting of the 17th of March. Though its existence and contents had been the subjects of rumor in Paris in 1911, the Chamber was not prepared for so damning a revelation of M. Caillaux's complicity with Rochette as it seemed to contain, and a profound sensation ensued. The Chamber revived the Rochette Commission by a huge majority and armed it with judicial powers. The Radical Party is thus faced with a most formidable prospect which will be gradually and more fully revealed as the Commission proceeds with its unsavory work. I will not attempt to forecast the course of events which may move rapidly while this article is in the press, but will proceed to examine other aspects of the political situation.

In the quotation from *L'Homme*

Libre given above M. Clemenceau attacks Proportional Representation, as a "so-called electoral reform which destroys the right of majorities to govern," and divines in the coalition which supports the Bill a plot to destroy the Republic. It is the common habit of the Radical Party in distress to raise the cry of the "Republic in danger," and as Proportional Representation, in their opinion, would operate unfavorably to their electoral interest, the cry is raised once again in order to drown the argument in favor of reform. Radical hostility to Proportional Representation is easily explained. In many constituencies the Radical Party is the strongest of four or five groups and usually heads the poll without obtaining an absolute majority. In order to hold such seats it enters into negotiations with one of the lesser groups, and in return for some concession receives the votes of that group at the second ballot. There must be many Radical deputies who hold their seats by this traffic which was denounced in a famous speech by M. Briand at Périgueux in 1909. Under Proportional Representation such seats would be imperilled without any compensating gain, it is said, in "reactionary" districts; and, indeed, the Radical caucus declared last year that thirty or forty "good Republican seats" would be lost outright if the Electoral Reform Bill were carried. In fighting the measure, therefore, the Radical Party has its back to the wall in defence of the Parliamentary ascendancy which the present system—the *scrutin d'arrondissement*—has given it out of proportion to its real numerical strength in the country. An ironical justice is at work upon it, for, as M. Clemenceau said in the passage quoted, this very ascendancy is proving its destruction. The anti-clerical Republicans have been so long in power that they have come to regard the Government of France as their vested interest; the local branches of the Radical caucus in the communes—*les mares stagnantes* so vividly described by M. Briand in the Périgueux speech—playing the part of *agents provocateurs* for the party in power by espionage of persons suspected of clerical leanings. Thus the Act which separated Church and State, a measure fully justified in its origin, became in the course of its administration an instrument of tyranny against which protests have been raised not only by those who suffered under it, but by many whom it has never touched. M. Briand himself, one of its principal authors, has been for several years an unsparing critic of its harsh administration. Out of his speeches and from a hundred other sources has arisen the movement called *L'Apaisement.*

If the average Frenchman were asked what *L'Apaisement* means he would probably reply "By our votes at many elections we authorized our Government to terminate the connection between Church and State because we were convinced, especially during the generation that followed the establishment of the Third Republic, that the Concordat, a political instrument very useful to its author, the great Napoleon, had in course of time become a menace to our Republican institutions. We saw in the Roman Catholic Church a rallying ground for Monarchists and other enemies of the Republic. So after a great campaign which derived what I may call a posthumous inspiration from Gambetta's famous war-cry 'Le Cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi!' we cut the tie between us and the See of Rome. Having cut it, we do not pretend in our movement of appeasement that the Roman Church is more friendly to Republican institutions than she was; but we say that she is now in her proper place, that the Re-

public is firmly established in the hearts of the French people, and that it is unnecessary and impolitic to carry on a campaign of petty tyranny against the Church. We also desire a better administration of our own Republican affairs, and we believe that to be unobtainable as long as our parties are engaged in the faction fight of clerical and anti-clerical. That is what I understand by *L'Apaisement*." Such is the answer given by vast numbers of Frenchmen to the question which I laid down in one of the early pages of the present article. Even if it be regarded as the revulsion from the uncompromising legislative policy of the past ten years, it would be an error to call it a reaction in the ordinary sense of the word, for none of its exponents desire the reversal of any law now operative; they aim rather at an administrative attitude which will inspire all French citizens, without distinction of party or creed, with confidence in the even-handed justice of the State.

The rôle of the State in democracy [said M. Briand at St. Etienne in December] is not to take sides for one citizen against another, nor to use its legal powers in the exercise of tyranny against those who hold unpalatable opinions. Amid the conflicts of its citizens the State must stand impartial, its sole preoccupation being the desire to secure that the arena of politics shall be a free battle-ground of ideas.

And in another passage, speaking of the oppression exercised by the local political committees of the Radical Party and of the urgent need for liberating the ordinary elector, and even the Ministry itself, from their malign influence, he said:

France did not make her supreme effort to gain liberty, to emancipate herself from the caprice and injustice of personal rule, simply in order to be suffocated in the dust of innumerable local tyrannies. . . . We have suffered long enough under *une oppression anonyme*. We must have done with "the politics of excommunication," for such denial of freedom of opinion is incompatible with the true Republican spirit. We must make our Republic a more airy habitation in which there shall be room for all, and in which each will know his own place.

This speech, which sounded the rallying note for the friends of *L'Apaisement*, was followed by a notable meeting of ex-ministers, senators, and deputies in Paris, at which the new militant organization, the "*Fédération des Gauches*," was created. The programme of the new party comprises: National Defence by the unequivocal maintenance of the Three Years' Law, Electoral Reform by the introduction of Proportional Representation,[1] Financial Reform by means which are not very clearly defined, including "an income tax without inquisition," and a tolerant even-handed administration of public affairs, "such as becomes a Republic sure of herself." Exclusively Republican in composition, the party proclaims by its very title its adhesion to progressive politics, but evinces a more temperate spirit than other parties of the Left in domestic affairs, and draws its main support from that large body of Republican deputies who stand outside the Radical Party. There is nothing in its programme which need prevent a Radical or even a Socialist from joining it, and it already numbers a good many of both creeds among its adherents. It is essentially comprehensive, large-minded, and catholic: so large-minded, say its enemies, that it can be made to embrace everything—even the most pernicious of reactions. Its personnel

[1] Let me note, parenthetically, that P.R. is advocated in England and France for reasons that are diametrically opposed: in England as a means of reducing the "admirable discipline" (Anglice, tyranny) of party politics; in France as a means of abolishing the freedom of parliamentarians (Fr. incoherence) and establishing in its place the "admirable discipline" of English politics: a point over which English advocates of Proportional Representation may profitably ponder.

makes it formidable. M. Aristide Briand, its chief, is the ablest political leader in France, and is acknowledged as such even in the wildest abuse of his enemies: in M. Louis Barthou, who stands second only to M. Briand and yet is of very different stuff, it finds a counsellor, sagacious, dispassionate, courageous: and M. Millerand brings to its service a great forensic talent. It is supported in the Press by the *Petit Parisien*, a newspaper with twice the circulation of the *Daily Mail*, and by several of the best provincial journals: it has already a firm foothold in certain parts of France, but its electoral weakness lies in a lack of local organizations. In this respect it enters the General Election at a serious disadvantage in comparison with the Radical Party, which has the further advantage—almost decisive in France—of controlling the election from the Ministry of the Interior. Whether the undoubted popularity of *L'Apaisement*, backed by the high personal prestige of M. Briand, will prevail against these two heavy drawbacks, it is difficult to say. The "golden mean" is never a good election cry, for those who proclaim it are apt to lack that fanatical zeal in propaganda which is so valuable an asset in the electioneer: and when, as in the present case, its supporters have hardly had time to create the necessary electoral machinery, an unfavorable issue might safely be predicted. Prophets would do well to remember, however, that the control even of the best-appointed "machine" has not always brought victory to its possessors, and that there are times and seasons in national life when the people take no account of the bosses' bidding and vote in unexpected ways and with unexpected results. Though he would be a bold man who could announce the definite arrival of such a time in France to-day, it requires no boldness but only an open eye to see signs tending to show that the General Election must be largely influenced by forces which have played no great part in French political conflicts for many years past.

Let me, in conclusion and at the risk of some repetition, endeavor to read some of these signs. I take first, because it cannot fail to strike the observer as a change of profound import, the revival of religion. M. Paul Sabatier, in his new book *France To-day: its Religious Orientation*, says that it is "long since religious matters have so continuously occupied French public attention as in our time," and speaks significantly of the "religious expectancy of France to-day." This attitude of the public mind is unmistakably evident and forms a considerable part of *La France Nouvelle*, that movement of national rejuvenation which has been proceeding with such surprising vigor for some years. Many competent observers have interpreted it merely as the natural reaction of sympathetic mankind against the excesses of the anti-clerical party, and, doubtless, it partakes of that character to a certain degree: but it is a mistake to gauge its force by any negative measure. The renaissance of religion is a phenomenon of a positive and creative kind which displays itself both within and without the Church, Protestant and Catholic, in France: it is already changing the color of public opinion: it has compelled several important Parisian newspapers to acknowledge its presence: it is at work even within the Palais Bourbon itself. M. Sabatier relates the simple truth when he says that "many are cooperating in the religious movement without knowing it," especially those who profess to disdain religious problems because they are deceived by the political jargon of the day which confounds religion with clericalism, and

irreligion with M. Jaurès. There are numbers of anti-clerical persons who are religious in the only fit meaning of the word, whose action in arousing a demand for social amelioration has been almost identical with that of the more enlightened leaders of the Roman Catholic Church, especially in the industrial districts. The following anecdote, apt if not veracious, shows that some of the higher clergy recognize their strange allies: Every year great religious festivities are held at Lyon on the return of the Catholic Faculty, when the Bishops of all the south-eastern dioceses attend, and one of their number preaches a sermon. Not long ago, when the Disestablishment controversy was at its height, the chosen Bishop dined with a well-known Lyon family and received high compliments upon his sermon. "My dear friends," he said in reply, "you have no idea how jealous I feel when I realize how impossible it is for us, the secular clergy, to do as well as the *irregular* clergy. In order to show you what I mean, let me read you some portions of a sermon which I find in this morning's newspaper. It is one of the finest I ever read." The Bishop then read several moving passages from the paper before him: and when he stopped there was a moment's silence. At length several ladies approached him and asked for the preacher's name. "Ladies," said he, "you are all good Christians: you know a good sermon when you hear it. I am sure you can guess." And he added, pointing to a group of priests in the room, "These gentlemen will be much more embarrassed than you, if you do guess." Several names were mentioned; Father Janvier and many others. To each the Bishop said "No," and egged on his fair questioners with visible amusement. At last his hostess begged him for the name. "Well, ladies," he said, "the fine passages I have just read to you were taken from a sermon delivered yesterday in the Palais Bourbon by Father——Jaurès!"

With such a movement in progress the electioneer finds his calculations confused and his candidates beset by many unforseen difficulties. In the atmosphere of this new religious revival *L'Apaisement* flourishes in proportion as the propaganda of modern French Radicalism declines, and the Radical Party is therefore ill at ease. So much at all events is both evident and true: but it is impossible to say whether the new movement is strong enough to break the electoral traditions of the people and give French politics a new orientation.

The same considerations apply to the growing discontent with parliamentary incompetence and the desire for stability in government which is another feature of *La France Nouvelle.* The chaos of parliamentary government is admitted by all: "we are in the midst of our own incoherence," says M. Clemenceau; "France is going to pieces," says M. Rouvier; and M. Léon Bourgeois declares that there is something rotten in the State. Some observers go so far as to say that the French people are sceptical about the fundamental merits of parliamentary institutions and are beginning to yearn, as is their wont, for the grip of some firmer hand on the helm of State: and they point to the manner in which Monsieur Poincaré was elected President. "The people," they say, "made Poincaré head of the State; they clearly showed *before* the election that he was their choice, and the politicians at Versailles had to obey." Now, whether that be true or not, there can be no doubt that Frenchmen at large are alive to the necessity of some change in their political methods, and ardently desire the cleansing of the administrative machine, national and local, from the taint of political intrigue.

In such circumstances M. Briand's appeal sounds in willing ears: his vision of a sober Parliament and a strong Executive attracts many who would never respond to an ordinary political call, but who follow him because they believe that, unlike the multitude of his predecessors who have impotently lamented the evil, he means to deal with the paralysis which afflicts parliamentary life, and thus to raise their country's prestige among the nations. M. Briand dreams of a Parliament in which strong and disciplined parties will carry on the conflict of ideas freed from the jarring wrangles of personal ambition and the greed of spoils. Desiring an increase of Parliamentary responsibility, he points, like M. Clemenceau, to "the admirable organization of politics in England" as an example to France: and he selects as the instrument for his purpose the system of Proportional Representation, under which he expects to see a truer and broader division of political forces. A British politician may perhaps remind M. Briand that "the admirable organization of politics in England" is due, not to any method of election, but to the parliamentary relation between the Executive and the Legislature by which, as a rule, both stand and fall together. It is the very independence of the French Chamber which aids the formation of many groups and creates the appearance—and perhaps the reality—of caprice. In a serious conflict with the Ministry the Chamber takes no thought of its own life, for the Prime Minister cannot threaten a dissolution of Parliament, and therefore each group is free to manœuvre as it pleases. If it be taken as an axiom that the separation of Legislature and Executive must continue, then it would seem that M. Briand is more likely to reach his ideal of parliamentary stability by federating a number of groups in one great party—as he is now doing—than by any measure of electoral reform. The means to this end, however, concern him and his compatriots: the foreign observer's interest lies in the end itself.

A. F. Whyte.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

FEODOR DOSTOIEFFSKY.

More than a hundred years have passed since Madame de Staël drove over the steppes of Russia wondering how soon Russians would find inspiration "in what is most intimate and real in their own souls." Gogol was a child of three, and Feodor Dostoieffsky, who was to be hailed as his heir, was born nine years later in a Moscow hospital, at which his father was the resident doctor. Younger than Turgenev and older than Tolstoy, the author of ***Crime and Punishment*** was probably the most national of all the Russian novelists of the nineteenth century. And because he is the most intimately close to his own people, sharing their faith and hopes, and even their formless dreams, it has been thought that his appeal, unlike that of his rivals, is to Russia alone. This is not the case. If any novelist has a universal appeal, by right of universal qualities, that novelist is Feodor Dostoieffsky, a complete translation of whose works is for the first time being issued in the English language..

Alike through his temperament and through his early environment, by reason of his imprisonment, exile, and other phases of hardship, through his physical sufferings, his frail physique, his epilepsy, through his poverty, his weakness for gambling, his crushing

responsibilities, through his combination of afflictions, it was always the lot of Dostoieffsky to meet easily upon equal terms the last and least of human sufferers. It was his profound belief that Russians, just because they are able to comprehend and sympathize with all civilizations, are the potential people of the future. His own sympathy was essentially that of the nation whose *rôle* he believed to be pan-human, and not merely pan-Slav.

With many authors life and art are separate, sometimes even antagonistic, quantities. With Dostoieffsky they are inextricably interwoven, and even in his first book his difficulties at the School of Engineers, his broodings as a young officer, his privations as a hack writer in the Russian capital, were to permeate those wonderful letters between a poor clerk and a little seamstress. Dostoieffsky had been on the verge of penury while writing *Poor Folk*, the manuscript of which was despatched by his old school friend, Grigorovitch, to Nekrasov, who had become the editor of a new literary review. He had not long to wait for a verdict, for in the gray hours of a May morning Nekrasov and Grigorovitch rushed into his miserable lodgings to tell him that they had just finished *Poor Folk*. Long afterwards the novelist was to speak of his first triumph to Sonia Kovalevsky and her sister: "There are many who have succeeded, who have won fame, and who have been congratulated; but only think! they came rushing to me at four in the morning, with tears in their eyes, to wake me—because it was worth more than sleep."

The book was published in 1845. Other less successful novels followed, and then suddenly, on April 23rd, 1849, Dostoieffsky was arrested as a member of the Revolutionary Party on a most puerile charge. On December 22nd of the same year he found himself a member of the second batch of twenty-one prisoners, the first three of whom were already fastened to posts, blindfolded, and waiting to be shot. The ordeal was stamped upon Dostoieffsky's brain for the rest of his life. It was intended to be "a lesson not to be forgotten," and the author of *Crime and Punishment* certainly remembered it: "I thought I might have, perhaps, five minutes more to live, and awful those moments were. I kept staring at a church with a gilt dome, which reflected the sunbeams, and I suddenly felt as if these beams came from the region where I was to be myself in a few moments!" Again and again he returns to the impression of the oncoming certainty of death, and he maintained that this certainty made the criminal's punishment far more awful than that of his victim. Dostoieffsky had learnt its meaning second by second, and he interprets it second by second through the lips of Prince Myshkine: "Just that instant when you place your head on the block and hear the iron grate over your head—then—that quarter of a second is the most awful of all!"

But the ordeal which had driven one of the prisoners insane did not arouse in Dostoieffsky any deep feeling of rebellion. Nor did he brood on the injustice of his sentence to Siberia. He did not shrink from being associated with ordinary Russian criminals, and even at the beginning of his exile he was convinced that the convicts "are not wild beasts, but men probably better, and perhaps much worthier, than myself." Siberia deepened his inborn sympathy for the disinherited, and the long pause in his life, the pause of fortitude and silence and endurance, far from embittering him, left him more and more convinced of what he had always believed to be the true destiny of Russia. That destiny was to be accomplished slowly and silently

on national lines from within and not through any violent pressure from without. It became his chief maxim never to lose touch with the great mass of the people, who grasped the truth of this instinctively.

Dostoieffsky had studied the most degraded criminals in Siberia, where he had planned that truly heroic book, wholly devoid of the plaint of personal bitterness, which was published a year after his return to St. Petersburg in 1860, and is known to English readers as *Buried Alive*. Long afterwards, on March 5th, 1876, Ivan Turgenev spoke at one of the Magny dinners upon the fact that among Russians the law is not crystallized in the sense that it is in Western Europe: "Un exemple, nous sommes voleurs en Russie, et cependant qu'un homme ait commis vingt vols qu'il avoue, mais qu'il soit constaté qu'il y ait besoin, qu'il ait faim, il est acquitté." The very idea of such crystallization was peculiarly foreign to Dostoieffsky's nature, and Siberia did not implant it in his mind.

After being for four years a prisoner in Siberia, the novelist became a private soldier in the Seventh Battalion of the Line of Siberia, and in 1856 he regained the rank of officer and his rights of hereditary nobility. But he was soon forced to resign his commission, owing to epilepsy. He had suffered from a tendency towards this malady all his life, but it definitely declared itself during his imprisonment in Siberia. It was particularly severe at the time of his marriage on March 9th, 1857, to Madame Issaev, the widow of a brother exile, and it was becoming a matter of life and death for Dostoieffsky to return to St. Petersburg. He was allowed to return in 1860, and in June, 1862, he paid his first visit to Europe.

Misfortune had not finished with Dostoieffsky. One journalistic effort after the other failed, and in 1865 he found himself alone in the world, having lost not only his wife, but his brother Michael and his best friend, Grigorief. He had not only to support his dead brother's family, but he was also responsible for his debts. His stepson, too, Paul Issaev, was on his hands, and his brother's journal, the *Epoch*, had collapsed. Under these conditions, Dostoieffsky, now forty-four years old, fled to Europe to avoid imprisonment. Early in the autumn of the same year he found himself penniless at Wiesbaden. In debt at his hotel, without money either to go or to stay, this unfortunate man of letters appealed despairingly to his old friend, Baron A. E. Wrangel, who came to his rescue, as he had done before. It is under these diabolical conditions that Dostoieffsky is at work on the book which more, perhaps, than all the others combined brought him fame in Western Europe. He speaks of it hopefully in a letter to the Baron, and calls it the best book that he has ever written, "if only they will give him time to finish it."

In *Crime and Punishment* the lessons of Siberia are definitely interpreted, but the book is no thesis on crime in the abstract. Its hero is neither an inevitable criminal in Lombroso's sense, nor a Nietzschean overman to whom "all is permitted." Raskolnikoff gives several explanations to himself and to others of his crime, but only one seems to reveal what is behind the last mask of all. "Understand me," he says to Sonia, "if the past could be recalled, I should most probably not do so again. But at that time I longed to know if I was vermin like the majority—or a Man, in the full acceptance of the word—whether, in fact, I had the power to break through obstacles. . . ." Raskolnikoff, in short, is the first significant creation of Dostoieffsky's to break away from those great fundamental

principles which run through his novels, his letters, and his so-called diaries—union with the great mass of the Russian people, submission to the Russian God, belief in the regeneration of Europe through the national humility and sympathy of the Russian race. But even Raskolnikoff's pride is softened by the alleviating tears of Sonia, who leads him back to the path from which she herself, in spite of her sad shame, has at no time strayed. This strange masterpiece is too often regarded in this country as merely a novel of crime. In reality, it is the first of a sequence of four great books, dealing with that mysterious conflict of duality which haunted Dostoieffsky all his life—the conflict between the Man-god and the God-man.

Crime and Punishment appeared in the *Rousski Viestnik* in the January of 1866, and the following month the novelist married his stenographer, Anna Grigorievna Switkine. This marriage, like his former one, was happy, but it, too, commenced under the shadow of epilepsy. The following year, still tortured by his malady, still menaced by imprisonment, the novelist took refuge once more abroad. "I left," he writes in August, 1867, to Maikov from Geneva, "but I carried death in my soul. I had no faith in Europe, or, rather, I believed that the moral influence of the Continent would be very bad; alone, without provision for the future, with a young being who looked forward with a naïve joy to sharing my wandering life; but I saw that in this naïve joy there was much inexperience and primitive emotion, and that troubled and tormented me a great deal. I was afraid that Anna Grigorievna would be bored all alone with me. For up to the present we have been absolutely alone. I did not rely upon myself. My character is ailing, and I foresaw that she would suffer with me." The character of the girl-wife was deeper than the novelist had supposed, but this fact did not save her from the avalanche of her husband's disasters. The episode at Wiesbaden was to repeat itself only too surely at Baden, and both husband and wife were reduced to pawning even their clothes. Under these conditions, precisely similar to those attending the production of *Crime and Punishment*, Dostoieffsky is at work on the book which, most completely of all, illustrates his conception of the ideal Russian. Prince Myshkine is the concrete embodiment of all that Dostoieffsky meant by that untranslatable faith in Russia, the Russian people and the Russian God. Yet, while he was finishing *The Idiot*, he wrote: "I am dissatisfied to repulsion with the story. Now I am making a last effort over the third part. If I put things right I shall get myself right; if not, I am done for." This, however, was not his real opinion, and *The Idiot* was admittedly the favorite of all his works.

Much in this novel is intimately personal, and the memories of Prince Myshkine are only too often the memories of Dostoieffsky. It is Dostoieffsky who recalls the stimulated sensitiveness to impressions of those who are sentenced to death. It is Dostoieffsky who broods on those strange walks through the streets of Petersburg, during which he had so often realized that his malady was closing in upon him once more. And in that terrible walk of Prince Myshkine, just before his seizure by epilepsy, one realizes that the duality of which Dostoieffsky speaks so often is no mere verbal phrase. One realizes, too, how and why it is that his realism is like that of no other writer. In such an atmosphere, overladen by the shadow of this impending calamity, impressions become obsessions of torture, and memories torments. It is not the voice that speaks, but the soul that communicates

its suffering. The man's terrors blend with those of the city. Greek tragedy itself is not more steeped in the atmosphere of divined menace than this novel of nineteenth-century St. Petersburg.

It is Dostoieffsky himself who is possessed of "*two* intellects—a real one and an unreal one." It is he who muses on that devouring spiritual thirst of the Russians, who long to believe in something, be it only in atheism. Finally, it is Dostoieffsky, and no other, who utters that dehumanized cry of the epileptic, which follows so closely the noblest moment of illumination. Such as he was, Prince Myshkine was understood and accepted by the Russian people as the ideal follower of the God-man in contradistinction to the Western innovation of the Man-god.

But the book in which the conflict between the two great ideas is categorically stated is that famous answer to Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. Dostoieffsky had been sentenced to Siberia as a victim for a cause to which he was opposed by temperament and by conviction. In *Demons* he expressed his unchangeable attitude towards physical and spiritual revolt, which in this very year, 1870, was wearing itself out in the rage of the Commune. Dostoieffsky was now nearly fifty years old, but though he had found fame as a boy in his early twenties, and though he was the author of *Crime and Punishment*, he was still asking himself the old hopeless question, "Shall I arrive?" He was gratified by a critique on the first part of *Demons*, in which his friend Maikov used the words: "These are the heroes of Turgenev in their old age." But Western readers will not detect in any one of these Demons any continuation whatever of Bazaroff. That intrepid young doctor pales beside these dispossessed ones, in whom the ape alone is master. In this book Kiriloff, the engineer, who is tortured by God, clings to the idea that "Man shall be God and change physically." And this Nietzscheism altogether independent of Nietzsche is formulated in a dialogue between him and Stavroguine, the terrible hero of the novel, in which the engineer is the first speaker:—

"He who will teach men that they are good, He will finish the world."

"He who did teach them it, Him they crucified."

"He will come, and His name will be the Man-god."

"The God-man?"

"The Man-god: there is a difference."

Opposed to Kiriloff, the follower of the Man-god, who almost believes in the God-man, is Chatoff, the Christian, who almost doubts and who can only stammer out in answer to the persistent Stavroguine: "I—I shall believe in God."

Demons was published in 1871, and the same year Dostoieffsky and his wife returned to St. Petersburg to live. Another pause had come into the life of this distracted man of genius, into whose half century of existence there had been crowded almost every phase and form of human suffering. In a sense his life had been, up to this, wholly a failure. At no period of it had he found more than a passing tranquillity. And yet, from the very beginning, he had known well what was most precious for him in life. As he listened to the family readings in the evening at his impoverished home, the brooding boy had been stirred by the dreams of great writers. At the School of Engineers, in the midst of pre-occupations about the bare necessities of life, he had turned to literature as the one solace. As a sub-lieutenant of engineers he had found the Service distasteful, "like potatoes," and he had left it to face the precarious

existence of a hack writer in Petersburg. Haunted by the impulse towards suicide on the one hand, and stimulated by his longing for "liberty and a vocation" on the other, he had achieved a masterpiece of pity in *Poor Folk* and had enjoyed greedily enough his little hour of prestige. But poverty was grimacing beside him again only too quickly, and, as though this were not enough, the irony of destiny was to send this merciful follower of Fourier to Semyonovski Square to await half naked the moment of death. Siberia had followed, with duties varied from grinding alabaster to shovelling snow. Then he had become a private soldier and had at last arrived once more at the rank of an officer. Singularly receptive as he was, Dostoieffsky had learned at first hand the secrets of convicts, jailers, private soldiers, exiles, peasants—all that nondescript mass of unfortunates who, like himself, were for one reason or another banished to "that distant locality." He was steeped in experiences of the Russian people when he returned to his own country from Siberia, but he was to learn yet more from his great teacher, Calamity. Once more an exile, with numerous people depending upon him for the means of subsistence, he was none the less unable to master his passion for gambling. Stricken by epilepsy, he is driven from place to place, pawning his wife's clothes, while she is nursing a new-born daughter, postponing the christening for want of money, unable to find two thalers for a telegram. "Do they expect me to give them literature under these conditions?" he exclaims in 1869, in a letter to Maikov. "I walk up and down, tearing my hair, and at night I cannot sleep a wink! I am always thinking and waiting and raging! My God! I swear to you, that I cannot depict to you my misery in all its details: I am ashamed to write it down." But in spite of everything, by the time that he returned to Russia for the last time he had written, besides several smaller books, that masterpiece of psychological analysis, *Crime and Punishment*, that interpretation of the ideal Russian, *The Idiot*, and that terrible exposition of his personal and national faith, *Demons*.

And in 1870 he had already commenced that *Life of a Great Sinner*, which deals with the constant preoccupation of his inner life: "The principal question which will run through all the parts is the same from which I have suffered consciously and unconsciously all my life: the Existence of God." But besides being yet another record of the novelist's spiritual development, this unfinished novel is also, in the words of Walizewski, "a most invaluable treasury of information concerning the contemporary life of Russia, moral and intellectual and social." It was published shortly before Dostoieffsky's death as *The Brothers Karamazov*, and it is the story, not of one, but of several sinners. Although it was never actually finished, this book may be accepted as not only the last, but the deepest message of Dostoieffsky, who had veritably become the Grand Inquisitor of the Russian people.

All over these islands, all over the British Empire, and, indeed, wherever our language is spoken, lovers of Russian literature are indebted to Mrs. Garnett for interpreting so faithfully the sensitive and elusive charm of Ivan Turgenev. It is fitting that through her Dostoieffsky, in his turn, should be revealed, and it is equally fitting that her complete translation should commence with this great national novel, which may be said to stand out from all other books as the Kremlin stands out from all other buildings. It is a book of criminals, in a yet deeper sense than *Crime and Punishment*, and had

it been actually finished, it would in all probability have given us a yet deeper interpretation of the ideal Russian than *The Idiot*, while, as a final comment on the national *rôle* of the Russian people, it passes beyond the inchoate rage and suffering of *Demons*.

It is the story of sinners who sin without grandeur. Heredity compels these Karamazovs to wallow swinishly, and no false glamour softens the brute mutterings of atavism. Dostoieffsky approaches them as a Russian realist, but none the less, under his touch, heredity becomes once more the ancient Até, and the "insect-sting" of passion has in it the same dignity of terror that makes Orestes tragic beneath the lash of the Furies. For the genius of Dostoieffsky has left these lawless and convulsed beings essentially lonely and terrible figures, whose place is not with the farmyard sensualists of the French naturalists, but rather with the doomed puppets of the ancient gods. Feodor, the father, admits that one is better in the mud, but the very mud of the Karamazovs is menacing. And through the mud of the Karamazovs there penetrates the mysterious atmosphere of national religious memory, the Greek Orthodox Church, the mystical advancement of the Russian people, the endurance of silent millions, the unuttered will of a great people. The different races of Europe have travelled far on pleasant, orderly roads. But Russia's path, unmapped, unordered, vague as a snow trail across the steppes, was already divined by Dostoieffsky, whose central faith it was to believe against all appearances that here, and on no other track, lay the final goal of world regeneration. On the surface, it is a sordid story. The father bargains for the woman, who is loved by his eldest son, Mitya. If she will come to him she shall have three thousand roubles, and Mitya has sworn to kill his father if she comes. Ivan, the second brother, and Alioscha, the youngest, watch the unfolding of the tragedy, while Smerdiakov, the illegitimate son, cowers in terror as he waits. All alike are Karamazovs, and Mitya warns Alioscha, the sinless monk, that in him also the beast is sleeping. Such is the family, and in a single speech the father seems to unite them all in his "insect" theory of life. "Ha!" he grunts, "ha! my children, my little pigs, for me there never was such a thing as a woman to be let alone; that's my creed, if you understand it. No, you can't understand it; your veins are still full of milk; you haven't completely broken your shell yet. There is, according to me, in every woman something special which one does not find in any other, but that something one must know how to find."

Murder at last closes the long annals of lust, and by the compelled irony of justice it is neither the hot-headed sensualist in Mitya, nor the cold sensualist in Ivan Karamazov, but the monster and victim of atavism in Smerdiakov who commits the act of parricide. But Alioscha, at least, remains faithful to the life of the soul, faithful to his links with the Russian people, and to his belief in the Russian God. He it is who redeems this sunken, savage family, in whom Russia herself is symbolized—Russia herself, inarticulate, dreaming her great Byzantine dreams, half choked, half strangled by barbarism, and yet retaining always a vision, that sweeps upward into vistas beyond the morass of her passions. It is Russia herself, whose manifold faults are yet redeemed by her unbought compassion; it is his own country and Dostoieffsky has seen the symbol of her destiny, not in Smerdiakov, the parricide, but in Alioscha, the chosen of the Russian God. All the extremes of Dostoieffsky meet in these pages, in which Ivan

Karamazov discourses with the Devil and dreams of the Grand Inquisitor, who sent Jesus Christ once more to death because he had failed to realize the foolish weakness of man. Mud and spiritual fire blend in the flame of the Karamazovs, but from it all the soul of Alioscha emerges, stainless and strong.

Pity had made Dostoieffsky the confessor of the Russian soul. Intellectual curiosity had made him its vivisector. But during that last period of his life in which this great book was written, he had become, as it were, a synthesis of these two, the real Grand Inquisitor, more subtle and more merciful than he of Ivan's dream. And in this book we see most clearly of all that strange combination of the worship of innocence with the intuition of the soul's most secret sin. In the midst of this realism, too, there survives the hope of beauty redeeming the world that had so haunted Prince Myshkine. That was the dream of Dostoieffsky, and in the actual world around him, amid the miasma of the St. Petersburg streets, in brooding archways and stifling houses, behind whispering doors set fearfully ajar, beneath the vampire-like shadows of stricken people, he was to receive flashes of beauty. Like diamonds gleaming from dust-bins, the waifs of Dostoieffsky come to us with the soul's dream in their eyes. They, too, have their own strange beauty, but never wholly untinged by suffering. For the Russian realist knew that until beauty has indeed redeemed the world, they who understand must reflect always the suffering of comprehension.

Dostoieffsky had been born in a hospital, and in a sense he never emerged from one. But his vision was never that of the sick bed. He was a realistic artist, whose knowledge of mankind had been purchased at first-hand by individual experience. Among Russians he became toward the end of his life a national representative figure, and perfect strangers approached him with their troubles and spiritual doubts and hopes. At the inauguration of the statue of Pushkin, Turgenev received a great ovation, but it was pale compared with the greeting that awaited the author of *The Brothers Karamazov*. The triumph at Moscow was to be repeated only too soon in the younger capital, and in January, 1881, Dostoieffsky, the poor disordered man of letters, lay in state in St Petersburg. "I never saw the man," wrote Count Tolstoy on hearing of his death, "and never had any direct relations with him, yet suddenly, when he died, I understood that he was the nearest and dearest and most necessary of men to me. Everything that he did was of the kind that, the more he did of it, the better I felt it was for men. All at once I read that he is dead, and a prop has fallen from me."

For a few, Dostoieffsky survives as the novelist who has best interpreted the temperament and the habit of mind of criminals. Many will see in him the psychologist who divined Nietzscheism and yet remained faithful to Christianity. But for the great mass he will be always the novelist of pity who is alone the real interpreter of *les misérables*. To his countrymen Dostoieffsky appealed as the diviner of the "life-force" of the Russian people, the man who best of all could interpret them, because their spiritual thirst was his own. And it is to Dostoieffsky rather than to any other of those gifted heirs of Gogol, that Madame de Staël would assuredly turn to-day, were she permitted once more to search for the evasive genius of those long Russian steppes which so baffled her more than a century ago.

J. A. T. Lloyd.

The Fortnightly Review.

OUR ALTY.

By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell).

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Fazackerly was somewhat appeased when, Alty's back being turned and her own cough having subsided, her son proceeded to expound his views; or rather, to rout, by a few pregnant phrases, the objections raised by her.

"I don't know how yo' aren't ashamed to sit smilin' there, arter givin' yo'r consent to lettin' yon fine lass let herself down that road," she began. "Carryin' coal! Cleanin' out sties! 'Tis enough to make her Grandfeyther turn in his grave——"

"Nay," rejoined John, "he can lay still—she'll do neither one nor t'other."

"Wasn't yo' in earnest when yo' asked if she'd be willin' to do it?" queried his mother.

He laughed and shook his head.

"Isn't she to undertake the milk-round either?" cried Mrs. Fazackerly, changing her tactics. "What are yo' goin' to pay her wage for, then, if she reckons to take Jim Shaw's place?"

"It 'ull noan hurt her to take the milk round. She'll glory in it," answered he. "She can milk, too, and feed hens."

"It seems a quare notion, an' I reckon yo'll find yo'rsel' out o' pocket by it," grumbled the old woman. "Who's to do the rough work if she isn't?"

"It 'ull not hurt the other lads to put a bit more onto them," returned he.

"An' how 'ull the lass fill up the rest of her time?"

"Eh, I reckon you'll be able to find her summat to do," answered John. "If she's a fancy for doin' lad's work I've nowt agen it, but I reckon she can turn her hand to lasses' too, wi'out bein' put out about it."

"Ho, ho, so that was in your noddle!" said Mrs. Fazackerly, relaxing. "Yo' was humorin' her?"

John laughed again, but did not commit himself.

"Yo're deeper than I reckoned yo'," resumed his mother, half disapprovingly. "Eh, I don't know as I howd wi' cockin' up wenches that road. If she does any little odd jobs indoors for me she'll reckon she's doin' it to oblige me."

"Jest so," agreed John, and he went out, leaving the old lady ruminating.

Alty was indeed in her glory on the first day when she placed the white pony between the shafts of the milk-cart, disdaining all aid from the by-standers, having previously adjusted its well-rubbed harness.

"I can manage mysel', thank yo'," she cried gleefully. "I've often hitched an' unhitched a horse before—jest for the fun of it—Woigh! Snowball. Stand still, wilt thou? Now then, are yo' lads ready wi' the milk-cans?"

The big, hairy-armed laborers nudged each other and laughed, while John, surveying proceedings from the doorway of the house, smiled benignly.

"We'n got a new gaffer now, seemin'ly," said one of the men to the other.

Alty climbed to the driver's seat and gathered up the reins. From beneath the brim of her mushroom hat hung her thick tress of chestnut hair, tightly plaited to be out of the way. She had supplemented her ordinary attire with a long blue pinafore, her "blacks" being strictly reserved for Sunday wear.

"Come up," she cried peremptorily to the pony, which left the yard at a trot, the cans jingling merrily.

Alty knew exactly what she had to do, but reviewed it in her own mind

for the sake of being entirely businesslike.

"Fifteen houses to call at first; one can to be dropped at Gillibrand Arms, an' rest to be left at station till they send for 'em fro' the camp. Pick up empties an' hurry back home."

Though rural Lancashire is becoming more and more encroached upon by enterprising builders, and though the great towns are setting up fresh and hideous outposts every year, some tracts of country remain still unspoilt. It was one of these which Alty now traversed, one which might have been miles from any industrial centre. The sandy lane for which she forsook the main road, wound its way between fields, where the wheat was already yellowing, or where cattle were browsing in pastures green as might be found in Dorset or Devon. A fair, flat land, intercepted by dykes, in which willow-herb and loosestrife mingled with meadowsweet, and the tall spiky leaves of the flags, which a few weeks earlier had flaunted a wealth of yellow blossoms. There were green hedges, trimmed close, for your Northern farmer values every inch of soil, and woods, breaking the monotony of the level expanse, and a mile or two away the dunes clothed with bluish-green star grass, the occasional sandy spaces, denuded by the wind, showing golden-gray in the brilliant sunshine. Among the folds of these hills a new settlement had sprung up of late years, which would, no doubt, in the natural course of events, further spread and develop, but which at present betrayed its presence only by the indiscretion of an occasional roof peering out from behind the shoulder of a dune, or by the smoke which mounted from some unseen kitchen chimney. Half a mile or so away to the right of this embryo town was the camp, where relays of Territorials went through their several courses of training every year.

Alty accomplished the first portion of her commission with great celerity, maintaining a businesslike reserve with her customers. Thus, when one of these remarked facetiously on Fazackerly's having engaged "a new milk lad," she merely nodded, and whistled with a masterful air as an indication that the yard-man at the Gillibrand Arms might come and take down his cans. This last-named, a red-haired and good-humored-looking youth advanced, grinning.

"So you're in charge of the milk round now, are ye, miss?" he inquired.

"Aye," said Alty.

"Will yo' pick up empties on your way back?"

"Aye," said Alty again, and turned the pony's nose towards the station.

Here, however, a surprise awaited her. Instead of the gray-whiskered porter, a personage well known to her, whom she expected to be in readiness to relieve her of her cans, she found a tall young man in khaki uniform, who looked extremely astonished at sight of her.

"Is this Fazackerly's cart?"

"Aye," said Alty, repeating her accustomed formula.

"Oh—I say—how do you come to be driving it?"

Alty looked at him with dignity, and replied in a tone which distinctly intimated that she considered the new departure none of his business.

"T'other lad's left."

He smiled.

"Well, I was just going to arrange for the milk to be driven straight down to the camp every day, in future. It's a bother having to fetch it here. But your master will have to send somebody else with our milk supply. *You* can't take it to the camp."

"I can take it as well as another," returned Alty bridling. "I'm doin' milk round now, so there's nobry *to* take it but me."

"A girl like you can't come into the camp."

"Why not?" queried Alty, pushing back the chip hat a little further from her brow, so that the indignant glare of her blue eyes met the puzzled gaze of his dark ones.

The impact produced a sort of shock in the young man. Never had he seen eyes so blue. They were like forget-me-nots, he said to himself; no—blue cornflowers; that sun-kissed face of hers had the very tint of new-ripened wheat: the thick fringe of russet lashes with their golden tips were like the same wheat at a later stage, when after a hot season it has turned almost to bronze. By Jove, she *was* a pretty girl! he inwardly exclaimed, passing, by an abrupt transition, from the poetical to the commonplace.

"I'll soon take cans down yonder," resumed Alty, availing herself of the pause. "I can make our pony go quicker nor Jim Shaw as used to drive him. Eh, I reckon I could be there an' back while you are still thinking about it," she added impatiently, giving a little jerk to the pony's rein.

But the other laid his hand upon the bridle.

"No," he said in a peremptory tone; "that won't do. Leave the cans here, as usual, and tell Fazackerly to send somebody else—some man or lad—with the cart this evening. There's nothing to make a fuss about," he added, seeing the color rush over the girl's face, "we are only out for a fortnight. It won't be so very much trouble for your master to change his arrangements for such a short time. He's well paid, so he needn't grumble."

"He's not one to grumble, as how 'tis," retorted Alty. "'Tisn't that."

"What is it then? Are you afraid of losing your job?"

His expression of amused compassion nettled Alty: there came another flash of blue fire from beneath the broad brim of the chip hat.

"I don't see why I should take orders from yo'," she said resolutely. "I won't neither. Milk can be left here or in camp, whichever yo' fancy, but it'll be me as'll drive cart. I'll not give no message to Mr. Fazackerly."

The two measured glances again, and this time the spirit of combat mingled with the young man's admiration. Alty inwardly squared herself to meet the coming attack. "Who is he, after all," she said to herself, "to be giving his orders so free? Nobbut a whipper-snapper."

Youth was indeed indicated in every line of the tall, immature figure, in every irregular feature of the dark-complexioned face. There was youth even in the dense growth of dark hair, which no amount of cropping could induce to lie flat. The brown eyes were as eager and as restless as a puppy's, while the mouth, unconcealed by the very slight growth on the upper lip, could smile with a very boyish spirit of mischief.

But it was not smiling now. It was set, on the contrary, in stern lines, while the eyes were intensely serious.

There was a moment's pause, and when the lad spoke it was in dignified tones as from some lofty height of superiority.

"You will do what I tell you or I shall see your master myself."

"It's enough to make a body turn sooffragette," cried Alty furiously. "I can drive as well as Jim Shaw, an' better. I can leave milk at camp, just same as he could ha' done. Jim can't take it as how 'tis," she added triumphantly. "He's gone an' 'listed, *he* has. His folks is awful mad too. None o' their kin ever disgraced theirsel's in that way afore. There's no reason for interferin' wi' me," she resumed.

The young man, who had smiled in spite of himself at Alty's threat of

turning suffragette, and still further relaxed at her subsequent sarcasm, now became grave again.

"There are reasons," he returned, with a magisterial air. "You are too young to know what they are. But your master will understand. You will give him my message, unless you wish me to take the matter in hand myself."

Alty got down from her seat, and began with fierce energy to drag one of the heavy milk-cans towards the edge of the cart.

"Here, what are you about?" he cried, astonished. "That is too heavy for you."

"Yo' want it leavin' here, don't yo'?" she returned in a muffled voice, and without looking up.

Encircling the can with both arms she lifted it, staggering under its weight.

"Wait! wait, I tell you. Let me help you then."

Going quickly to her assistance, he, too, embraced the can, and then he noticed that she was biting her lip and that her eyes were full of tears.

"It's for your good, really," he said gently. "Some day when you are older you'll understand that I—I really only want to—to——"

"Yo' jest want to spite me," exclaimed Alty; "yo' jest want to show yo're gaffer."

By this time she was hugging at a second can, and his chivalry forced him to assist her.

"I don't know what you mean," he said, as they went staggering forward together, both clasping the can. "I don't quite understand your lingo, you see."

"Trying to best me then," said Alty, loosening her side of the burden so hastily as nearly to overbalance him, "but I'm not so easy bested. I wouldn't advise yo' to leave milk standin' too long i' the sun," she added, as she climbed on to her perch in the cart again.

"I'll send some of the men to fetch it presently."

"Yo're an officer, I reckon," said she, speaking however, with her head determinedly turned away from him. "'Tis a pity, I'm sure, as yo' can't find summat better to do, nor persecutin' a lass as never did yo' any harm."

Her voice quavered as she uttered the last words, and she hastily drew her hand across her eyes; then slapping the reins on the pony's back, she drove rapidly away.

Dennis Royton stood looking after her for a moment or two, his rather heavy, black brows drawn together.

"Makes a fellow feel a brute," he ruminated, "but it would never have done to have a beauty like that trundling milk-cans twice a day among our fellows. Those eyes would madden them more than any amount of drams from the canteen. Now, will she give my message or won't she?"

This was the question which Alty revolved in her own mind during the greater part of that day. Supposing these mysterious reasons of the young gentleman's outweighed his inclination to mercy, how humiliating it would be to have to give up her new and delightful mode of employment just as she had embarked upon it, to be laughed at by John Fazackerly's men and told that pride must have a fall; to have to wait a whole long fortnight before again acting as Snowball's charioteer!

"It's mich if I ever get the job again," she gloomily reflected. "Whoever takes it now 'ull not want to give it up."

Finally she decided to risk disobedience and silence. Should the young gentleman indeed carry out the threat, she would be no worse off than if she herself were to take the initiative;

and there was just the chance of his relenting. He had looked a bit "takken-to," as she recalled with satisfaction, when he saw how "undone" she was.

But it was Alty's turn to look "takken-to" when she encountered Royton in the course of her afternoon round. She had intended to convoy her cans straight to the camp without even putting in an appearance at the station, but behold! while she was still some way from the railway and from the group of houses already alluded to, while the pony, in fact, was picking his way slowly along a particularly retired portion of the sandy lane which wound its way in leisurely fashion thither, she descried her self-appointed mentor sitting on a gate, evidently on the look-out for her, for at her approach he immediately jumped down and came to meet her.

Alty drew rein and gazed at him appealingly; and the frown with which he had been prepared to greet her disappeared.

"You have not given my message?" he asked, with unexpected mildness.

"Nay," said Alty. "I've been bethinking mysel' and unbethinking mysel', an' I reckoned 'twas silly o' me not to ha' towd yo' straight out why I'm so set on not givin' up the place. Yo' see, Grandfeyther's jest dead an' Grandma's a bit dunchy——"

"A bit *what?*"

"Eh, well, queer in her temper, an' sulky-like—there's days when she'll not speak, not to nobry. Other folks met lose their patience wi' her, an' she's gettin' pretty owd. I couldn't go to sarvice an' leave her wi' strangers. They met sarve her bad, yo' see."

Only about one-third of this speech, which was delivered with great eagerness and rapidity, was intelligible to the young man; but the earnest tone and the beseeching gaze mollified him.

"Well?" he said gently, as she paused.

"So the only way I can manage," she pursued, "is by workin' same as a lad, comin' home at meal-time, and livin' at home. 'Tisn't every lad's place as 'ud suit me, an' 'tisn't every master as I'd suit, but Fazackerly's suits me all right an' I suit them. Owd Mrs. Fazackerly wanted me to go an' live with her altogether, same as a dowter."

"That would have been a good thing, I should think."

"Nay, I couldn't leave Grandma—besides, I'd sooner be out o' doors."

A flashing smile here produced an answering one on the countenance of the young man. It was difficult indeed, he told himself, to conceive this free, strong creature caged.

"So you see," she concluded, gathering confidence, as she took note of his genial aspect, "that's why. I'll jest get through wi' the places where I have to call an' take this straight to camp. Now I'll be there afore yo' get back."

The other shook his head with a sad yet determined air.

"You've forgotten what I said this morning. I have good reasons for my decision and these still remain. If you have not changed your mind, neither have I."

There was a moment's silence, broken only by the distant splash of the waves upon the shore and the calling of the gulls; then Alty suddenly dropped the reins, covered her face with her sunburnt hands, and burst out sobbing.

"I say," exclaimed the young man; then as the sobbing continued, he took hold of one of the girl's strong, firm wrists and endeavored to draw down the hand to which it belonged.

But Alty with a jerk of the elbow shook him off; the only response to his endeavors was the splash of a

very large hot tear on his own palm.

"You mustn't cry, you know," he said feebly.

Alty's shoulders continued to heave, and more tears ran through her fingers.

"I wish you wouldn't cry," he urged; then as Alty's grief seemed to increase rather than diminish, he put his arm, in what was intended to be a paternal way, round her shoulders.

Alty dropped her hands and look up startled. Large drops hung on the thick russet eyelashes; the mouth was piteous, the face pale. The man was suddenly melted: this child was amazingly pretty, even in her grief, a thing which few children and even fewer maidens are.

"Supposing I give in," he said, almost in a whisper, "what will you give me?"

Alty's eyes widened and then flashed; she gathered up the reins and took hold of the whip, holding it, as the other observed, butt end upwards.

Then she glanced at him again.

"What did yo' say?" she inquired.

He looked sheepish, but held his ground.

"I said if I give way what will you give me?"

"Nowt," rejoined she, raising the whip with a business-like air.

He stood back and saluted gravely. Alty still eyeing him suspiciously, reversed the whip slowly.

"I beg your pardon," he said, after a perceptible pause. "I see you are not the child I took you for, I——"

He seemed to reflect for a moment.

"Under the circumstances, I think I may take it on myself to refrain from interfering with you. You can finish your round and then come quietly to the camp. If you drive slowly I shall have time to get back first and will see for myself that you are not molested. I will continue to look after you in this way as long as we are out —in fact, I accept the responsibility."

"Thank ye," rejoined Alty, smiling gratefully.

Following the independent habit of north-country folk, it did not occur to her to add the word "sir."

"If by any chance I should not be there," he continued, "you can mention my name, Mr. Royton—Dennis Royton. What is your name, by the way?"

"Alice Orrell—but I'm called Alty."

"A pretty, quaint name. Well, Alty, I shall keep my word. By the way, it's best not to talk or joke with the men, you know."

She flushed again, gazing at him with an expression half-inquiring, half indignant.

He nodded without speaking and walked quickly away. He was amused, interested, a little ashamed of the part he had recently played. "A child," he had said to himself, shaking his head sagely. Dennis was very fond of putting his impressions into definite shape, and frequently employed for the purpose somewhat high-flown phraseology. "A child to all intents and purposes, yet with the dawning instincts of budding womanhood. Never felt so snubbed in my life," he added, relapsing into the colloquial. "I'll bet my hat she won't let any Tommy take liberties with her. Ready to eat me for the hint, even though she didn't quite know what I was driving at. I'll look after her, all the same, though."

Meanwhile Alty, jogging on her round, gazed solemnly between the pony's ears, and said to herself that soldiers were queer folk and she didn't make much count of them.

CHAPTER IV.

"Hi!"

John Fazackerly, while applying the top of his whip soothingly to the glossy neck of his black filly, which, being young and inexperienced, had a

rooted distrust of stations and their surroundings, uplifted his voice for the third time; and the old gray-whiskered porter at length emerged, in leisurely fashion, from his den.

"Has trap fetched empties yet?"

"There's no empties nor fulls, neither," responded the porter, leaning his arm on the top bar of the white gate which shut off the level-crossing. "Yo'n forgot, I reckon, as milk goes straight to camp now."

"Oh," remarked John, but he stared interrogatively.

"Why, didn't the lass tell yo', then?" inquired the other; then, as John continued to stare without replying, he went on: "Eh, she's been takin' milk straight to camp all the week. Some new reggilation they have yon. Eh, didn't she chance to mention it?"

John cleared his throat, and turned the black filly round.

"Was there a message yo' wanted sendin'?" queried the old man, shouting after him.

"It don't matter," replied Farmer Fazackerly.

He had meant to send word to his mother by Alty that he might probably be late for supper, as he intended to ride some way along the shore, the young mare which he was in the act of training being "a bit above herself" for lack of exercise; but as no messenger was likely to call at the station it was obviously unnecessary to waste valuable information on the porter. Instead of making his way directly to the shore, he urged the mare to mount the nearest dune, and while halting on the summit, the animal trembling a little in her dislike of the sensation of sinking fetlock-deep in sand, scanned the prospect.

There was the camp, with its beehive-shaped tents clustering round the wooden mess hut; as John watched, he saw a cart drawn by a white pony emerge from behind a group of these, and follow the sandy track which led towards the dunes. He could see a girl's figure sitting bolt upright in the cart, and marked that the head turned neither to right nor to left, and that the pony was proceeding at a round pace. He also marked that a khaki-clad personage paced a few yards to the rear of the cart, halted when the vehicle had forsaken the precincts of the camp, wheeled, and retreated.

John watched till the advancing equipage disappeared behind a range of sand-hills, then, descending from his own promontory, with much slipping and sliding on the part of the mare, he set off at a brisk canter along the shore in the opposite direction to that taken by her.

He did not unduly prolong his ride, however, and reached home shortly after Alty herself. He decided not to pursue the inquiry on which he was bent that evening; it was late, and two or three of his men were at work in the yard. He would talk to the girl in the morning, and meanwhile would take counsel with himself, and possibly with his mother.

During supper Mrs. Fazackerly unconsciously led up to the subject of his thoughts, remarking in reply to an inquiry of her son as to whether she felt tired:

"I'm noan so like to feel tired now sin Alty's come. My word, yon's a gradely lass—she'll do more in an hour than t'other hussies 'ull get through in six. She turned out parlor for me today. Eh, dear, yo'd never believe how dusty 'twere! She carried away pans full of it. Now t'other wenches goes in there every week, racketing about, an' kickin' up such a din, an' chatterin' all the while—but no work done!"

"Alty doesn't chatter much," observed John, with a peculiar expression.

"Nay, she don't," agreed his mother; then observing him more closely:

"What mak's yo' look like that? I say yon lass is no gossip."

"And I agree," put in John.

"Aye, yo' agree same as if yo' was findin' fault."

"Well," said John, "there's times when 'tis well to speak."

"Eh, whatever has the lass been doin'?"

"Drivin' milk to camp every day i'stead of to station."

"Oh, how's that?"

"Some new regulation."

"But never to name it!" ejaculated Mrs. Fazackerly, aghast.

"Ah," said John, "that's it."

Mother and son gazed at each other; then the old woman said, with a scandalized air:

"It's noan fit for her! 'Tisn't a fit thing for ony decent wench to do, an' never to name it! The sly little snicket! *I'll* give her a bit o' my mind."

But John threw out his hand. "Nay," he said, "I'll settle it."

Early next morning he looked out of his bedroom window, which faced the yard, on hearing the clattering sound of hoofs too light to belong to any animal but Snowball, and beheld Alty in the act of placing that useful beast between the shafts. The cans were already bestowed in the milk-cart, and most of the men were busy elsewhere, with the exception of a tall lad, who appeared very anxious to assist the girl with her harnessing operations.

"Nay, I can manage him by mysel'" she was saying petulantly, at the moment when John looked forth. "Yo' be off to yo'r work—I can do mine."

"Coom," rejoined the other, "yo're noan so clever as yo' think yo'rsel' Yo' haven't blacked Snowball's hoofs nor yet washed 'em."

"No more I have," exclaimed Alty good-humoredly, "but I'll soon see to that."

She ran across the yard, filled the stable bucket at the pump, picked up a scrubbing-brush from the horse block, and returned.

"Now then, Snowball, howd up! S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s!"

She was still vigorously hissing, and scrubbing one after the other of Snowball's yellow hoofs, when John, having descended the stairs, halted on the doorstep; her face was flushed like a rose with her exertions, and her tawny plait of hair falling now over one shoulder and now over the other, caused an occasional pause during which she impatiently tossed it back. The farm lad, who was still watching her, and that so intently as not to observe his master's proximity, suddenly stooped, and seized the bright curling ends which escaped from beneath the confining ribbon.

"I'll howd yo'r hair out o' yo'r way," he remarked.

"Nay, leave me alone, an' get agate o' yo'r own work," rejoined Alty, tugging at her plait; then, as he held it fast, she aimed a sudden, quick blow at his ear with her wet scrubbing-brush.

"Yo' little vixen, yo' shall pay for that!" cried the lad in muffled tones of anger. Loosing her hair he was proceeding to pinion her arms, when a ringing blow on the other side of his head, coupled with the order, in John Fazackerly's voice, to "Be off this minute!" caused him to stagger back, and, meeting the incensed gaze of the farmer, to retreat with awkward haste.

"S-s-s-s," said Alty, taking up the time-honored formula as she dropped forward again, and set to work on Snowball's last hoof.

John waited till her late persecutor's heavy steps had died away, and then spoke in his customary mild tone.

"Now then, Alty?"

Alty sat back on her heels and looked at him.

"If he didn't meddle wi' me I wouldn't meddle wi' him," she remarked firmly.

"That's reet enough," said John. "Goin' to take milk to camp, same as usual?"

"Aye," returned she. Her bright eyes did not fall before his, and neither, though he watched her narrowly, could he detect any increase of color in her cheeks.

His previous inquiry had been made in an even voice, and without any hint of vexation, but all the same Alty was a little puzzled.

"So, soombry towd yo' about that?" she observed, after a pause.

"Yes," returned he; "I was wonderin' yo' didn't tell me, yo'rsel', Alty."

Alty fingered the scrubbing-brush thoughtfully.

"I wasn't so sure as yo'd like it," she explained, after an interval of reflection.

"Oh," said John, "that was it?"

"Ah," said Alty, nodding: the "*Ah*" being in north-country fashion emphatically affirmative.

John stood looking down at her for a moment, at a loss to know how to proceed; then he said with the same gentle seriousness:

"I'm a bit surprised, yo' know."

Alty looked up once more, met his serious gaze, and felt the unexpressed disapproval. She colored deeply, now, and rose to her feet.

"I shouldn't ha' done it wi'out tellin' yo'," she said, with a quaver in her voice, "but I thought yo'd maybe stop my goin', an' I jest felt I couldn't give up drivin' Snowball. But I doubt I shouldn't ha' took him that way extry wi'out axin' yo'r leave."

"Ah, yo' should ha' axed my leave," agreed John.

"Did yo' chance to tell Mrs. Orrell what yo' was doin'?" he inquired.

"Nay," rejoined Alty. "Grandma hasn't been speakin' these last few days—awful dunchy she is. She won't so much as tell me to get up taters, but jests nods towards garden an' p'ints at spade. 'Tis along o' her bein' broken-hearted about Grandfeyther."

A fleeting smile overspread John's face; but he soon looked grave again, gazing at Alty without speaking.

"I don't say as I should ha' towd her, though," went on the girl, with a little gasp. "Even if she had been i' the humor for talk. Everyone seems so again' my drivin' to the camp I reckon she'd ha' been again' it."

"That's honest anyhow," commented John, and his face cleared; then something in the admission seemed to strike him in a new light.

"Everybody was again' it, you say. Who was again' it?"

"Why, there's you to start with," said Alty, "and there'd ha' been Grandma, if she'd ha' knowed, an' there's Mr. Royton—the officer."

"Oh," observed John, "he was again' it, was he?"

"Aye," rejoined Alty, gazing at him fearlessly. "He said it wasn't fit for a girl like me to be goin' back'ards an' for'ards to camp, an' wanted me to ax yo' to send a lad i' my place. But I towd him about me doin' lad's work an' likin' my job better nor another, an' about Grandma an' that, an' then he changed his mind an' said he'd take the responsibility?"

"Oh," said John again, "did he?"

"Ah," returned Alty. "He said he'd see as nobody molested me, an' he cooms an' stands aside o' cart while the soldiers is gettin' milk down, an' they say nowt, an' I say nowt."

"I see," said John.

"So you'll not stop me goin' on the milk round, will yo', Mester Fazackerly?" she asked, gaining courage.

"I must stop it, Alty," said John.

As her face fell, he continued soothingly, almost apologetically:

"Yo're altogether i' th' wrong place,

my wench. 'Tisn't right for yo' to be drivin' to camp. All sorts of folks joins the Territorials—the roughest chaps fro' Liverpool and Bootle."

"They'll only be out a fortnight," urged Alty—"not mich more nor a week now—th' officer said so."

"Nay, but others comes when these goes. We supply camp pretty nigh all summer. An' anyway, Alty, drivin' a cart an' rubbin' down a pony is no jobs for a wench. See how Bill carried on jest now. There's too many rough lads about—ye didn't ought to be knockin' about among 'em."

"I like lads better nor lasses," averred Alty candidly. "I'd ha' been a match for Bill. Aye, I'd sooner ha' lads, nor knock about wi' lasses an' their nasty mean tattlin' ways. I had enough o' them yesterday—I was pretty nigh all day indoors. Eh, Mester Fazackerly, I can't do wi' stoppin' indoors all day. It mak's my head ache—I like as if I couldn't breathe!"

"Well, coom," returned John reflectively, "we met find a job out of doors as 'ud please ye, an' yet 'ud keep ye out o' the road o' these mischievous chaps. How would ye fancy a bit o' gardenin'? Theer, my mother used to be awful taken up wi' her garden—she'd be pleased if yo' was to tidy it up for her again. Yon little bit under kitchen window—it used to be kept as nice as anything, but 'tis all a mask o' weeds now. Coom this way an' see. Snowball 'ull stand all right."

He pushed open a wicket gate to the left of the house, conducting her into an overgrown patch which had once been a flower-garden.

"Eh," said Fazackerly, "'tis hard to tell which is flowers and which is weeds now; but grass-plot was here, an' rockery over yon in shady corner, and there was a bed in the middle, and a biggish border runnin' all along under the windows."

Alty stood with her hands behind her, eyeing the scene of her future operations dubiously.

"My mother 'ud be awful pleased," repeated John coaxingly. "I doubt this job 'ud be just in your line, Alty—I reckon yo'll like gardenin'."

"I like delvin'," said Alty emphatically.

"That's the very thing yo'll have to do to start wi'," rejoined he. "An' this 'ere grass-plot——"

"I'll have to mow that," she interrupted, brightening; "I can manage a scythe as well as anybody."

He laughed. "Don't cut off your legs," he said.

"Well, at arter it has been cut wi' a scythe once or twice it 'ud be easy kept in order by a little mowing-machine. I could get a little mowing-machine if yo' think yo' could manage that, Alty."

At the prospect of accomplishing really strenuous labor, Alty grew quite cheerful. John's subsequent proposal to buy a number of geraniums and other bright flowers in pots, which she could bed out for that year as soon as she had prepared the ground, being responded to with pleasure, but with less enthusiasm.

"Well, now," resumed he, "yo' met get a spade an' fork fro' the tool-shed, an' set to work at once."

"Mustn't I take the milk even this one morning, then?" said the girl, with a trembling lip. "Are yo' goin' to send Bill wi' it?"

"No," said John, "I'll take it myself."

(To be continued.)

THE WISCONSIN IDEA.*

I spent part of last autumn in the United States, and visited, among other places, Chicago in the State of Illinois, and Madison in the State of Wisconsin. Most visitors to the United States derive their impressions from the Eastern fringe, from such places as Boston, New York, and Washington. If they go West they usually push on to the Far West, to San Francisco, or to such natural wonders as the Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite Valley, or the Great Cañons; they rarely stop in the Middle West, which does not present many attractions to the ordinary tourist. But then the ordinary tourist will find more to attract him in the Old Continent than in the New. There is some very striking scenery in the United States. There are fine buildings, and in the museums and galleries there are interesting works of art. But one does not usually visit the United States to look at scenery, or buildings, or works of art. One goes there, as a rule, either on business or to make acquaintance with people and institutions. And if a visitor goes there with the latter object, it is a great mistake to leave the Middle West unvisited. "You will not understand," Mr. Bryce is never tired of repeating, "you will not begin to understand the United States, until you have visited Chicago." It is from the Middle West that now come the most prominent and potent forces in American politics. People at New York and Boston are apt to speak in depreciatory terms of Chicago. Chicago people sometimes speak depreciatingly of themselves, on the homœopathic principle, I suppose, that *similia similibus curantur*—like cures like. Here is a story which was told me by a Chicago friend. It is probably an old story, and certainly a sample of many others. A citizen of Chicago accumulated great wealth and obtained high civic posts. All went well with him. He was not troubled by any doubts or qualms, either about his success in the past, or about his prospects in the future, whether in this world or in the next. At last he died. When he reached his destination in the next world, he looked about him with a discontented air, and said: "Well, I guess Heaven is not much better than Chicago, any way." Then a voice whispered in his ear, "Hush! Hush! This is *not* Heaven."

But Chicago, whatever may be said against it, is a wonderful city, wonderful in its size, in its interests, in the uniform energy, but great variety of its population. As I strolled through its streets I tried to make out any distinctive type in the crowds that hurried along them, but I failed to do so. They came from all parts of the world. There were Jews, Slavs, and, it may be, Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia. But they were all dressed in the same kind of ready-made clothes, and therefore, externally, were all very much alike. The external assimilation is easily and rapidly accomplished; the internal assimilation takes longer, but comes in time, usually in a generation or so. Chicago has the advantage of practically infinite space. On the one side there is Lake Michigan. I was there during the storm of last November, when the great lake was dashing gigantic waves against the embankments which protect the city from its encroachments, and hurling huge fragments of them into the parks beyond. On one side is a vast expanse of water.

* Notes suggested by a recent visit to Madison University, Wisconsin. Delivered as an evening lecture at the London School of Economics and Political Science, January 15th, 1914.

On the other side is a vast expanse of land stretching away for leagues and leagues. It is a dead flat, so dead a flat that the water parting which separates the streams flowing south into the Mississippi and so to the Gulf of Mexico from the streams flowing north into the great lakes and the St. Lawrence is an almost imaginary line. The earliest white pioneers discovered and utilized this strange physical feature when they paddled and portaged from the great lakes down to the shores of the Mississippi. Chicago recently utilized it when, mainly for sanitary reasons, it reversed the course of the Chicago river. The Chicago river used to flow northwards into Lake Michigan. It now flows south and carries the Chicago drainage into the Illinois River and so towards the Mississippi and New Orleans.

You will realize that the land scenery in the neighborhood of Chicago is not beautiful, though its vast expanse is impressive. But when you pass northwards into Wisconsin the land changes its character. It begins to roll, and then you come to a region of wooded hills and lovely lakes. Nothing can be more charming than the situation of Madison, the capital of that State and the seat of its university. I had the good fortune to see it on a sunshiny November day, when the two lakes between which it lies were a sapphire blue. Later in the winter they are frozen over, and if you start in a sledge by the chute on the university ground which skirts one of them, you may skim for miles over the surface of the lake. The only drawback to the enjoyment is the return journey, which has to be effected without the preliminary propulsion of the chute. The physical atmosphere of Madison, when I had the good fortune to see it, was most exhilarating, and I found the intellectual atmosphere of the place even more stimulating. Nothing could be more stimulating than the evening which I spent as the guest of President Van Hise, the President of the University, with him and some of the members of his staff, including such well-known men as Professor Ely and Professor Commons, and that "live wire," Dr. Charles McCarthy. It is the title of Dr. McCarthy's little book[1] that I have taken as the title of my discourse. The book was written in great haste—dashed off in a few days—and bears signs of haste, but is full of life and go, and is well worth reading.

What, then, is the Wisconsin idea of which Dr. McCarthy is the prophet? To understand and appreciate it, one must have some knowledge of the soil in which it struck root and sprang up.

Three things may be noted about the State of Wisconsin:—

In the first place, it is an agricultural State, a farmers' State. It used to grow wheat, but it no longer does so. It now grows maize, mainly as food for cattle, and has become the second dairy farm State in the Union.

In the next place, the population of the State is very largely German in origin. Dr. McCarthy goes so far as to say that "Wisconsin is fundamentally a German State." Certainly Milwaukee, its largest city, is a German city. It is famous throughout the United States for its German beer. "The Germans," Dr. McCarthy goes on to say, "were the first settlers to arrive in significant numbers, although they were followed later by a large influx of Norwegians." Many of the first German immigrants were what is called "'forty-eight Germans," men of the Carl Schurz type, who came over after the abortive German revolution of 1848. They "came fresh from a struggle for liberty in the old country,

[1] "The Wisconsin Idea," by Charles McCarthy. With an introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: The Macmillian Company, 1912.

and brought with them as high ideals as any people who ever came to America. Under these influences the Germans in Wisconsin were settled, and an orderly, careful government was established. A New England stream, arriving about the same time, brought with it high educational ideals, which endowed the whole North-west with colleges and institutions of learning. It was under these auspices that the University of Wisconsin was founded, having indelibly impressed upon it a certain distinction which it has never ceased to have, and certain ideals of service which can be found in no other universities to-day, except perhaps in Germany."

These facts throw light on the character of this State and of its University. John Bascom, a New Englander, was one of the first Presidents of the University. But Carl Schurz was one of its first Regents, and any page of the directory of its officers and students would probably show a predominance of German and Scandinavian names. Professor Ely, its Professor of Political Economy, sat at the feet of Carl Knies and Wagner in Germany, and there absorbed the spirit of New Germany. That spirit is widely different from the spirit which animated the founders of the Constitution of the United States in the eighteenth century. It is not afraid of government. It does not regard the Government as an enemy, whose powers are to be carefully checked and circumscribed by constitutional restrictions and limitations. It believes that the Government has important duties to perform, and should have extensive powers for the performance of those duties. Nor is it afraid of experts. It uses them freely and believes in their utility. But it is intensely democratic. It believes that the Government should be controlled by the people, and should be used by the people, not only for the defence of their rights, but also for the supply of their needs. This is the meaning that it attaches to Abraham Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

The third point to note is that the Madison University is, like so many of the Western Universities, a State University, endowed and supported—very liberally supported—by the State, working in close connection and co-operation with the executive and legislative authorities of the State.

These are the main facts to be borne in mind when reading Dr. McCarthy's exposition of the Wisconsin idea. How far it is an accurate exposition, how far it is colored by his personal views, I am not competent to say. But at all events it is a clear and attractive exposition.

What, then, is the Wisconsin idea as interpreted by Dr. McCarthy? He warns us that no one categorical explanation of it can be given, but one gathers from what he says in his opening chapter that the direction towards which the State of Wisconsin is feeling its way with more or less stumbling steps, the object at which, in his opinion, the State ought to aim, is "the development of the efficiency of the individual and the safeguarding of his opportunity, the jealous guarding of the governmental machinery from the invasion of the corrupting force and might of concentrated wealth, the shackling of monopoly, and the regulating of contract conditions by special administrative agencies of the people." Dr. McCarthy denies that these principles and tendencies mean socialism. He calls them the "new individualism." Last month the most brilliant man of letters in France expounded to an English audience his conception of the Socialist idea. Names do not matter. What we are all endeavoring to discover and to aim at is the best mode of co-operation between the indi-

vidual and the State, in the common interests of both.

Dr. McCarthy illustrates the tendency and efforts which he describes by giving a sketch of recent legislation in Wisconsin, and begins with laws for the regulation of business affected by a public interest. The railroad, he says, was the first of the great monopolies to need regulation. The settler coming into a new country was absolutely dependent upon transportation facilities; it was natural that he should treat the railroad like a spoiled child, and it was likewise natural that the railroad should take advantage of him. The farmer was obliged to send his grain to market; the railroad, having monopoly of carriage facilities, demanded its price. The farmer said he could not pay it and have any profit. He applied to the law courts for help, but got small comfort from them, or from the common law doctrines about public carriers. Then came the "Granger movement," and then, in some States, came action of the Legislature. In Wisconsin it took the form of the "Potter law" for the control of railroads, which was enacted in the early 'seventies, and was a very crude attempt. This law has been followed and superseded by a series of subsequent Acts, under which a permanent Railway Commission has large powers of determining whether rates are "reasonable," and fixing them accordingly. The Commission is appointed, not elected, and consists of a board of three, with practically unlimited power to hire experts. Its powers have been extended to the supervision of the "public utilities," as they are called in the United States, such as heat, light and water works, telegraph and telephonic companies, and street railways.

One of the most important branches of Wisconsin legislation is its educational legislation, the laws of the State about its University and about its schools. On the aims and objects of the University I may quote from Professor Turner, who migrated from Wisconsin to Harvard University in Massachusetts:—

"Nothing," he says, "in our educational history is more striking than the steady pressure of democracy upon its universities to adapt them to the requirements of all the people. From the State Universities of the Middle West, shaped under pioneer ideals, have come the fuller recognition of scientific studies, and especially those of applied science devoted to the conquest of nature; the breaking down of the traditional required curriculum; the union of vocational and college work in the same institution; the development of agricultural and engineering colleges and business courses; the training of lawyers, administrators, public men, and journalists—all under the ideal of service to democracy rather than of individual advancement alone. Other universities do the same thing; but the head springs and the main current of this great stream of tendency come from the land of the pioneers, the democratic States of the Middle West. And the people themselves, through their boards of trustees and the legislature, are, in the last resort, the court of appeal as to the directions and conditions of growth . . . have the fountain of income from which these universities derive their existence. . . .

"In the transitional conditions of American democracy . . . the mission of the University is most important. The times call for educated leaders. General experience and rule-of-thumb information are inadequate for the solution of the problems of a democracy which no longer holds the safety fund of an unlimited quantity of untouched resources. Scientific farming must increase the yield of the soil, scientific forestry must economize the woodlands, scientific experiment and construction by chemist, physicist, biologist, and engineer must be applied to all of nature's forces in our complex modern society. The test tube and the

microscope are needed rather than axe or rifle in this new ideal of conquest. The very discoveries of science in such fields as public health and manufacturing processes have made it necessary to depend upon the expert, and if the ranks of experts are to be recruited broadly from the democratic masses as well as from those of larger means, the State Universities must furnish at least as liberal opportunities for research and training as the universities based on private endowments furnish. It needs no argument to show that it is not to the advantage of democracy to give over the training of the expert exclusively to privately endowed institutions."

On the same subject I should have liked to quote further from the very interesting report presented in 1911 to the Wisconsin Legislature by the Commission upon the plans for the extension of industrial and agricultural training, but I must content myself with referring to the passages quoted in Dr. McCarthy's book.

The Wisconsin University is the child of the Wisconsin State, not a spoilt child, but a well-endowed, active, and useful child. It is supported by a Government appropriation, representing the proceeds of three-eighths of a mill upon each dollar of assessed valuation of the general property of the State. I have not at hand figures showing the total annual amount of this appropriation, but its amount may be estimated from the fact that the expenditure on one department alone—that of instruction by local lectures, correspondence, and the like—is £25,000 a year. The University claims, however, that, judged by material results alone, the expenditure is remunerative. The Governor of the State recently hinted to the President of the University that the University appropriation was very large and might give rise to grumbles in the Legislature. The President offered to exchange it for one-tenth of the net increase of the State revenues attributable to University work. The offer was not accepted. Much of the prosperous agricultural condition of the State is, in fact, directly attributable to University work. The agricultural school of the University has bred pedigree strains of barley, oats, and wheat, which are said to have increased the value of the grain crop by millions of dollars. It has produced a kind of corn which can be grown in the northern part of the State, and grasses and legumes which formerly could not be bred in the State, and has engaged in various other productive agricultural activities of which a long list may be found in Dr. McCarthy's book. President Van Hise is, I believe, himself a Wisconsin farmer's son, and it is natural that he should take an interest in agricultural questions and agricultural improvements. But he does not wish to have the work of the University judged by material results alone, or to emphasize unduly the practical side of University studies. His outlook is far loftier and wider. He recognizes that the University, as a creature of the State and a partner of the State, should, so far as is consistent with her purpose, scope, and functions, endeavor to meet and supply the proper needs of the State. But she must have liberty to interpret those needs herself, and should endeavor to interpret them in a comprehensive and lofty sense. In a remarkable address which President Van Hise delivered recently to some visitors from Philadelphia, he quoted and adopted Mr. Bryce's pregnant remark that "A University should reflect the spirit of the times without yielding to it."

I have referred to the extension work of the University. In the slack season of the year the lecture rooms at Madison are crowded with farmers' sons and farmers' daughters, sitting together, for the Western Universities

believe in co-education. But the area of the State is large, the population is scattered, and communication is not always easy. It is not every student, or possible student, that can come up to Madison. So the University has to go to the student. She does so by sending out local lecturers, lending books, organizing local debates, and organizing instruction by correspondence. I have been supplied with a big sheaf of pamphlets, forming serials of the University bulletin, and supplying full and detailed information about the various kinds of instruction thus given. The amount spent upon it is, as I have said, about £25,000 a year.

Part of the University endowment has materialized in the form of buildings and land. The University estates extend for some miles to the north of Madison city. One sunshiny morning President Van Hise drove me over them himself in his own automobile. It was a rather old-fashioned machine, but very effective, and bumped its way cheerfully, with surprising speed and safety, through the University parks and woods and past the University experimental farms. The surface of Wisconsin roads is not even. Sometimes you have to leave the road. In some places there is no road to leave. But in such sunshine, along the shores of such a lake, under such guidance, the drive, though bumpy, was most enjoyable.

I spent some time in the Wisconsin legislative reference department, which was founded by and works under the superintendence of Dr. McCarthy. The State and the University work so closely together that I am not sure whether it should be treated as a department of the University or as a department of the State. It is located in the new Capitol, close to where the Legislature holds its sittings. When I visited it and had its working described to me, I was reminded of a well-known passage in Bentham's works, where he describes the object of a code. The object of a code, according to Bentham, is that everyone may consult the law of which he stands in need in the least possible time. "Citizen," says the legislator, "what is your condition? Are you a father? Open the chapter 'Of Fathers.' Are you an agriculturist? Consult the chapter 'Of Agriculture.'" The object of Dr. McCarthy's legislative reference department is to supply the needs of the amateur legislator in the least possible time. A farmer legislator finds his way from the adjoining legislative chamber into the rooms of the department. He explains that he is not satisfied with the state of the law about, say, the adulteration of seeds, and that he would like to improve it. He says that he has consulted his attorney about drafting a Bill, but doubts whether he can get much help from him. Besides, the fee charged is prohibitive. An obliging attendant goes to the proper set of pigeon holes, looks under the proper head, under "A," for adulteration or agriculture, or under "S" for seeds, and produces a card giving a list of books and pamphlets on the subject. She goes further, for it will presumably be a "she," and brings a book in which are neatly pasted a number of newspaper-cuttings bearing on the same subject, and purporting to represent technical or popular opinion about it. American Universities appear to make much use of newspaper clippings, more, perhaps, than I should be disposed to make of them myself. But Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have taught us that newspaper clippings may be of much value, not only to the politician and the journalist, but to the student. Well, the farmer ruminates, and, either then or on a later day, makes up his mind about the lines on which he would like to have a Bill prepared. He is asked

to give his instructions in writing and to sign them. He does so, and, in due course, and on payment of a reasonable fee, he receives a Bill with title, numbered clauses, and the usual legislative appurtenances. The object of requiring written and signed instructions is to guard against complaint of the legislator's bantling having been changed at nurse. I was shown some files containing the original instructions, the intermediate stages, and the ultimate draft. The instructions were usually crude and general; but, as far as I could judge, the ultimate draft fairly represented their effect. Certainly, the conversion was less drastic than that of a Chicago pig into Chicago sausages.

Some of my friends in the Eastern States hinted to me that these facilities for drafting were not an unmixed advantage, as they might make legislation too easy and, therefore, too prolific. There may be some foundation for this criticism. According to Dr. McCarthy, over fifty laws relating to the betterment of the Wisconsin schools were passed in the Session of 1911. Fifty laws, mark you, not fifty Bills. Educational zeal on the part of legislators is doubtless commendable. But fifty Education Acts in a single Session! One is tempted to echo the remark of the precocious charity boy about cleanliness when, instead of having his hands and face washed, he was plunged into a bath. "I call this," he spluttered out, "I call this carrying a hobby to an excess." But, assuming the utility of popular Legislatures and popular legislation, an assumption which some cynics would question, is it not desirable that the amateur legislator should be encouraged to seek the assistance of experts and should be supplied with facilities for obtaining such assistance?

Wisconsin has added to its legislative machinery a permanent statute revisor. It is his duty at the close of each session—the sessions are biennial, in every alternate year—to issue a volume bringing the statutes up to date, and to revise them systematically, chapter by chapter, submitting each chapter as revised to the Legislature for approval. I was shown the single volume which contains the Wisconsin statutes revised up to date, and I thought, with a sigh, of the innumerable volumes of our Statutes at Large and of the numerous volumes of our Revised Statutes. But I consoled myself with the reflection that our Parliament has been steadily grinding out statutes for more than seven hundred years, whilst the Legislature of Wisconsin, which obtained its Constitution in 1848, has not yet attained the span of years attached by the Psalmist to man. The contents of the volume are not arranged chronologically, as in our Revised Statutes, but grouped under appropriate heads. Time did not permit me to examine the contents critically, or to pronounce any opinion on their form. Doubtless the form did not come up to the legislative standard at Westminster, which itself falls short of perfection. Probably it is rough, like the Wisconsin roads, but probably also it serves its purpose, like those roads. Wisconsin is still a pioneer State, alive and aglow with the spirit and enterprise of pioneers, and its works must be judged by a corresponding standard.[2]

These are hasty notes, suggested by a hastily written book. They may, however, suffice to direct attention to a work which should be read critically, but which deserves to be read with care.

C. P. Ilbert.

[2] The Wisconsin legislation of 1911 is described in Dr. McCarthy's book (pp. 274-286). It is various, extensive, and experimental. The Eugenic Marriage Act has recently been declared to be unconstitutional.

RORY OF THE GLEN.

The scene in which he plays his part is often a key to the discernment of a man's character, as the inspection of a library or wardrobe will give an inkling of the habits of the absent tenant of a house. To read Wordsworth is to think of those hills and dales through which he walked and derived such pure inspiration, and Samoa will ever call up the charming memory of Tusitala.

But the man to whom these pages are devoted was no writer; he was scarcely a speaker, and such thoughts as he had ran in a small compass. He was just a plain Highland deer-stalking keeper, of a type which the spread of education, facilities of communication, and the alteration of the condition of landowners, will soon sweep away. The poverty of Scottish lairds, which necessitates the letting of their forests to strangers year by year, more often than not to rich *parvenus*, who have no personal interest in the country beyond that of mere sport, and who are in most cases completely out of touch with the inhabitants, is doing much to spoil the character, the native simplicity, of the Highlander. He is beginning to regard his employer from the same point of view as the innkeeper does the tourist, as a person from whom as much as possible is to be got during a short season; and, I regret to say, the daily dole of whiskey, which it is customary to mete out to the ghillies, is not calculated to tend towards a temperate habit.

The clannish feeling, however, still crops up in curious ways. I knew a servant-girl, who, looking for a compartment, when she was travelling home for the holidays, chose one where a shawl of her own tartan was placed to keep a seat. The owner turned out to be the daughter of her own laird, who was also going home, and both were greatly pleased at the opportunity of travelling together. It is a thousand pities that this feeling should die out.

Rory's name was Macdonald, his native speech was the Gaelic, and his English limited, but mighty expressive. His cottage—or "hoose" as he expressed it—lay solitary, miles from anywhere, in a deep valley surrounded by the massive hills of Wester Ross, mountains whose terraced precipices of hard red sandstone, originally laid down in an age previous to the existence of life on this earth, have been called by geologists Torridonian; castellated crags on which the fury of Atlantic storms makes no impression, save the rounding of an edge where some ancient split has occurred. But in grassy places the wind has got under the carpet, as it were, and stripped off great patches of turf like paper from a wall, and left raw scars—grazes on the terrestrial skin which never heal again.

Glen Torridon is one of the deepest and most impressive in the country; indeed I have it on good authority that there is only one other place in Scotland—the Pass of Glencoe—where you may see what is practically a precipice of rock 3,000 feet high. The angle of ascent—*i.e.* the proportion of the height of the hill to the width of its base—is as near to that of the Himalayas as that of any mountain in the British Isles, and its photograph in its winter garb of snow has been mistaken for a Himalayan range. To the eye of a geologist, I suppose, this imposing mass is no wonder; but to be told that it is now about half its former height, and that it was all laid down layer by layer in sand by the ocean, makes one pause with aston-

ishment, and it is only when a casual split in the rock reveals the corrugated ribs of sand preserved where one layer was superimposed by another that one takes it for granted. Huxley put it well when he said, "Surely the awestruck voyager may be excused if, at first, he refuses to believe the geologist who tells him that these glorious masses are, after all, the hardened mud of primeval seas, or the cooled slag of subterranean furnaces—but raised by inward forces to that place of proud and inaccessible glory!"

In the deep shadow of late evening and full night at the base of these rocks the glen is a fearsome place, and I have heard strange noises come from the frowning hills, doubtless caused by natural agents, such as wind, but sufficiently arresting to cause the Highland coachman constantly to urge his horses to their best speed homewards, "because of the ghosts in the glen." Such a narrow pass formed a natural funnel in windy weather, and it was the practice to load the dog-cart with heavy stones as ballast to prevent a capsize. It had its moods, that glen, and it had a personality which cast a spell on any who traversed it alone. Even in broad daylight it had an air of profound melancholy as of something very aged, not "frosty but kindly," but of something primeval, dating back to the time before the birth of mercy. The sun shone on it, but as on a dead thing, showing forth its clean articulations as of a skeleton of vast antiquity, and the spirit of the past was always there. I have seen the white mist, smothering the flat tops of the glacial mounds, fringing the river as a shroud over the tombs of kings, full of regret and of icy coldness; but it is the mist of time which covers both good and bad deeds alike, impassive and impartial.

Though I do not believe in ghosts myself, and have never seen one, yet I have often felt, during the long tramp down the lonely pass in the dim light, as if I might meet some strange being or wraith of the past at every corner; and it was only when, at the entrance, the gray sea and the lights of the village opened to the view, that I touched wholesome life again. And Rory was cut off from mankind at the head of this truly awful valley!

Neither were the terrors of the place always supernatural. On one occasion I had shot a stag at dusk at the far end of the ground, and this involved a long return through very rough country in the dark to Rory's house, which we reached at about nine o'clock. Something had happened to prevent the arrival of the dog-cart, so, after taking a long pull at the milk-jug and eating some biscuits, I resolved to walk the seven miles home down the glen. Taking my rifle and stick I started on the long tramp. I had already been twelve hours on the march, and was therefore not particularly fresh; the sky was overcast, and the air heavy and moist. So black was the darkness that the road was barely visible, and several times I blundered into the heather at the side. The distance seemed endless, and the thoughts of a weary man are poor company. At one place, where the road goes right in under the precipice, the darkness grew thicker, and I could almost feel, though I could not see, the bulk of the frowning mass above, and I only knew I was on the road by the sound of the gravel as I swung on mechanically. It is only in a half-light that the imagination awakes to the supernatural, for then natural objects take on the weirdest shapes and fancy clothes them with legend and story, but in thick darkness the fancy is stifled for the lack of shapes to work upon.

On the right of the road lay a sma'l plantation of stunted larches, whose

boughs grew only on one side on account of the fierce gales which raged up the glen, and out of this plantation came suddenly the hot and heavy smell of the wild, which told me I was close to stags well advanced in season. I had never smelt it in darkness before, and under these conditions the old prehistoric dread of the wild beast surged up unbidden within me, and I confess to abject fright. I remembered the tales of people being attacked by stags on the road, and the thought of my recent murder of one of their kind gave me a feeling of bloodguiltiness. Then a roar came out of the thicket only a few yards off, to be answered by another and another not far away, which made me sweat with very terror, as I felt for the turf at the side of the road on which I stood, and slipped a cartridge silently into the rifle and undid the bolt. I could hear the stags rustling in the wood, and I knew that the broken-down fence was no protection if any of them chose to avenge their comrade. Then I began the most silent creep I ever made, with my eyes and ears straining for a footstep, which I should hear on the road if they attacked me; and then, after I had slunk away some two hundred yards, I broke into a run and fled as though ten thousand devils were after me, and did not slack my pace till I saw the village lights down by the sea.

The hills in the district stand mostly in ranges. Leagach, the tallest of them all by head and shoulders, and supported by his tributaries six miles in length, with his gray cone formed of quartzite blocks superimposed by some freak of Nature upon the red bastions of his outworks, sits as president of this council of the hills. He has no handle to his name like the Speaker, being too large and august to carry the prefix "Ben." The origin of his name is wrapped in mystery, being neither Scandinavian nor Gaelic, and dates back perhaps to some former language, long since forgotten.

It is only in the sheltered corries, which look as if they had been dug out from the hillside by some gigantic cheeseknife, that grass grows to any extent affording pasture to the deer. The crests of the mountains, which must have been above the ice in the glacial period, are bare and storm-smitten, and frown upon the valleys like the battlements of an impregnable fortress. Small wonder that Dr. Johnson in his tour to the Hebrides found the scenery inhuman and forbidding: the taste for wildness and savagery had not then been acquired, and literature had dealt mainly with pastoral beauty.

In such a country man is a thing of nought: Nature is all in all; and if we search man's history back to the prehistoric, we find nothing, save a few buried wattled huts, no monuments, no sculptured crosses to tell us of St. Columba, nothing to indicate that any but savages inhabited such an elemental country. Not even a stone circle!

"The Celtic races," says Matthew Arnold, "have shown a singular inaptitude for the plastic arts; the abstract severe character of the Druidical religion, its dealing with the eye of the mind rather than the eye of the body, its having no elaborate temples and beautiful idols, all point this way from the first: its sentiment cannot satisfy itself, cannot find a resting place for itself in color and form; it presses on to the impalpable, the ideal. The forest of trees, and the forest of rocks, not hewn timber and carved stones, suit its aspiration for something not to be bounded or expressed."

In such a place you must trace the history of the race in the man himself. You must dig into that shy reticence behind which the speaker of a strange language ever hides himself, piece together the little stray allusions

which fall from him unconsciously, interest him in some parallel bit of information which you happen to know, for he is full of intelligence. Above all become his friend. This can only be done by the constant companionship which the pursuit of deer affords, the sharing of toilsome ascents and long marches, and during the restful waits on the soft heather for something to turn up after the whole country has been diligently searched with the glass. Then sometimes the tongue is loosened on other subjects than the all-engrossing one of sport, and matters sententious, original, and interesting are dropped by the way. Sometimes strange facts are revealed worthy of investigation, such as the following.

The proprietor was out with his head keeper one day, and, on hearing a stag roar, remarked that it was early in the season for the stags to begin roaring. "They generally roar about Feroich," was the answer. "What is that?" he queried. "It's just the time when the stags begin to roar." "Why is it called Feroich?" "Deed I don't know; they always call it that." "But what is the meaning of the word?" "I don't know; it's the name they give it." The proprietor was of an inquiring turn of mind, so he looked in the Gaelic Dictionary, and found that the first part of the word meant a "festival." The second part was a puzzle, but after more research it was found to be the genitive of a word meaning "rood" or "cross." But the Festival of the Cross was surely in the spring, at Easter? At last, after much hunting up of authorities, it was discovered that there was an autumn Festival of the Cross in the early Christian Church, to commemorate the vision of the Cross by the Emperor Constantine. Here was a Free Kirk man, in a district in which there is no trace of Catholicism ever having existed, fixing the date of the rutting season by an old Roman Catholic feast day without knowing it!

But to return to Rory. He was a man you could not date, for he seemed to have been born on a rock in a stone age. He was like a gnome of the hills, hoary, and yet young. He never knew how old he was. He came into the world before dates had intruded into these wilds, and before a dull registrar was set to chronicle the event of a new man. His home, when a child, was a crofter's cottage, innocent of glass, with a few small holes, the chief ventilation being afforded by the low door and an aperture in the roof for the exit of smoke. By the dim light of the peat fire during the long winter evenings, when the sun set at three in the afternoon, many tales were probably recounted, the like of which have been traced by Campbell in his "Tales from the Highlands" to classical and legendary sources. This was Rory's only mental recreation, for he could neither read nor write.

No one knows how these tales have penetrated into these remote regions, whether by castaway mariners, or through contact with Norsemen or other conquerors, but there they exist, handed down by memory in the Gaelic from father to son. Neither can they give a reason why, when a person is ill, a cock is slain and the blood sprinkled about the door, for they have never heard of Æsculapius. Nor do they know why it is good in certain circumstances to drink, by the moonlight, from a spring, out of a human skull which is hidden in the hill, and its place only known to a few. They have no idea whose skull it is, or why they do it, but they do it because their fathers did it, and believe in its efficacy.

In the days of Rory's youth posts were few and far between, and a rough horse-track the only communication with the outer world; but he lived to

see a road built, and to witness a daily post, the erection of telegraph-poles, and a motor-car in the glen—"lepping up the rod lik a great frong" (pronounced like toad), as one of the natives described it. In consequence of the civilizing influence of a beneficent laird, substantial houses have sprung up with not only glazed windows, but wooden floors, stone chimneys, and other luxuries.

Originally Rory was a shepherd, in the time when the ground was principally kept under sheep, and, being very wise in the rearing of animals, he never used a knife for such simple surgery as the occasion demanded, his teeth being the natural substitute, so primitive were his ways. Never having strained his eyes by the use of books, he was able to distinguish objects at an immense distance almost to the day of his death. "I make it eye out," he would say. But when the hills were turned into a deer forest, he naturally became a stalker. In appearance he was a cross between Socrates and the usual pictures of the prophet Elisha. His crown was bald, and fringed with white curly hair which had once been the lightest yellow. The golden tint remained in streaks in his white beard, and his fresh pink complexion spoke strongly of pure Scandinavian blood, while the iris of his eye was as blue as a forget-me-not. He was a hill-man in every line of his figure, short, sturdy, and spare, and the delicate moulding and beauty of his legs and ankles would have suited a Greek athlete, and were worthy of a sculptor's admiration.

It has often been observed that winners of prizes and great athletes do not as a rule possess strikingly ideal figures, but rather the reverse, and that symmetrical men, artists' models for instance, are no good when it comes to action. If this is so, Rory was an "exception which proves the rule," for his activity was prodigious. In his youth he was said to have been able to run down the goats on the hills, though not without an extra call on his powers. "Where sheeps can go, I can go, but the goats is aaful," was the way that he put it. At any rate, the following incident shows the wonderful power of a man who must have been well past sixty.

He was out stalking with a young man, then about twenty-six, who had done a good deal of mountaineering, and fancied himself not a little on his agility. He was unfortunate enough to wound a stag, which galloped off down hill at a great speed. It looked as if the beast would go a long way, and perhaps out of the ground into another forest. "Can't we run along the side of Ben Eadh and cut him off?" cried the sportsman. "Can ye rin?" says Rory. "Run?" was the indignant answer, "why I can run as fast as you." Our Nimrod had made two mistakes that day—he had wounded a stag and insulted the keeper. Rory's answer was characteristic, for he just gave a snort, gathered up stick and rifle, and the next moment his white hairs and well-turned ankles were disappearing round the next corner. The young man did his best, but for the space of over two miles he could only just manage to keep the old man in sight, as the latter stopped at each ridge and beckoned to him to follow. This he did through shifting screes, jumping from rock to rock regardless of the chance of a twisted ankle or broken leg, along precipitous ledges which would have given him pause in cold blood, leaping with difficulty over chasms which Rory had simply taken in his stride; then a climb to the top of a peak, called Sal Mhor, at the end of the range; a race down a burn amid a clatter of dislodged stones, and he arrived at the bottom, dead beat, at a little rock behind which

Rory was crouching. The rifle was put into his hands, and, as the stag ran past, holding his breath for a second, while his heart thumped against his ribs, he fired a lucky shot which killed the stag about two hundred yards inside the march.

Then he sat down to recover, and muse upon the wonders a fellow will accomplish when really put to it, while the old man went off to perform the necessary operation of gralloching or disembowelling the dead quarry. While the youth sat limp, still panting, and watching the ground oscillating in his disturbed vision, he was aroused by a tremendous thump on the back. "Ye can rin," says Rory. He still continues to think this was the greatest compliment ever paid to him in his life.

On another occasion a gentleman named Kaye, deceived by his venerable appearance, tried to race him uphill. Rory's account of it was as follows. "Mr. Kaye, he ferry good waaker. He waaked wi' me one day up Foran Mhor. I smok my pipe. He waak here, I waak here (indicating with his stick his own lead). We waak lik that till we come to the top. Mr. Kaye, he lie doon on his back, he not speak mech. I smok my pipe."

Though brought up in a rough school of manners, he always showed practical politeness and consideration for his man. When a storm came on, no one knew better than he where an "hotel," or sheltered corner among the rocks, could be found, and then he would generally seek out a flat stone, and place it in the dry for his companion to sit upon. His was true courtesy, the intuitive kindness of one man to another, which led him sometimes to sit in exposed places, or to choose the windy side, so as to protect his companion with his own body.

But though kind in practical matters, he was no courtier. A man was a man to him it mattered not how ancient his lineage, how long his title, or how big his worldly position. When that bright blue eye sized up his character the man was no mystery to Rory. If he disliked him, nothing would induce Rory to show it by any word of his, and the absence of commendation was the only indication by which it could be inferred. If he liked him, a short sharp tribute came out spontaneously, direct as the challenge of his eye. He did not possess that common characteristic of the Celt of desiring to say what you would wish to hear: indeed, his opinions were sometimes what you least expected. He was told one day to look down through his telescope, from one of the pinnacles of Leagach, at a carriage which was coming up the glen. It contained a Royal Princess and her suite, who were going to luncheon at the big house. After a long look in silence, he shut up his glass with a snap. "They're aal weemen," was all he said. We never quite knew whether an equerry or so would have made any difference in his estimate of the party.

The only terms upon which his confidence and friendship were to be obtained were those of perfect equality, for he belonged to the aristocracy of good-fellowship, and he who came the superior over him got precious little entertainment for his company: he would get civility, and nothing more.

He was no believer in men who allowed other enjoyments of life to interfere with the business of sport. When festivities, in the shape of a ball overnight, caused a man to take the hill in the morning tired and sleepy, and when an introduction to a stag was immediately followed by a sharp attack of nerves, resulting very often in a clean miss and the flight of the quarry, he would gather up rifle and stick with just a faint suspicion of a sigh, and remark: "Too mech dencing

to shoot," and march off homewards in philosophical silence. But he was more consolatory to the penitent, or to those who considered his feelings. On one occasion, a distinguished actor went out with him, and was unlucky enough to miss. It had been a long and laborious stalk, so the actor said sympathetically, "It must be very annoying to you when you have had all the trouble of a difficult stalk and given a man a good chance like this." "Eh! it does na matter," was the reply, "so many shentlemen misses the shtack that it is not funny any more." He was using the word "funny" as "remarkable."

Rory had none of the dourness in his composition which is said to be a mark of the Scotsman, for he looked on life with a merry eye, and was fond of a sly joke with his companion. He was once returning with our young friend after a blank day, and their path led through a wild glen, the floor of which was strewn with innumerable boulders, worn by ice and weathered by rain. All of a sudden Rory turned in his tracks and stuck his stick into the ground, a characteristic action of his when he was going to say something important. "D'ye mind that rock?" he queried. As there were thousands of rocks in the place, more or less alike, his companion confessed that he did not recollect that particular one. "Shentleman stand here," said Rory, patting it with his hand, "shtack shtand there," pointing to another rock a little distance off. "How far you say?" "About forty yards, I should judge." "Shtanding broadside," he added with emphasis. "A nice easy shot; well, what happened, Rory?" "Missed him clean." "That was a very bad shot." "Ferry bad shot, ferry bad shot," he repeated, shaking his head, and he drew his stick from the ground and strode on. His companion followed, wondering why the old man treated him to all this talk about an ordinary miss, which was not an uncommon occurrence, so he asked him who the man was. Rory slewed round on his tracks, and, with a bright twinkle in his eye, said, "Mr.—— he shot that shot," pointing at him, and resumed his walk in silence. The sportsman shook with merriment as he almost seemed to see the wrinkles in the back of the old man's neck laughing at him. Then, after a pause, Rory threw back over his shoulder a balm for the wounded: "That was a long time ago. Mr.——he shoot better than that noo."

There was great competition among the forests as to the number killed, and he thoroughly enjoyed a rival's discomfiture. A keeper in a neighboring ground was sometimes sent out to shoot for the larder, and one day Rory happened to spot him through his glass from the top of the opposite hill. His rival was stalking a stag which was lying down in such an open place that to get a shot was impossible, so he took up his position behind a bank, unconscious that there was a witness of his stalk some miles off. Tired of continually raising his head to watch, he dropped off to sleep on the soft heather, and slumbered a long time. Meanwhile the stag got up and wandered away out of sight. Then Rory, relating it, would go through an irresistible pantomime, imitating the keeper waking up and looking for the stag, and rubbing his eyes. "No shtack there; ferry likeyly he gone away; he ferry mech surprised that time."

One story, however, he used to tell, the humor of which he never could appreciate, for it was more a subject for anger than for laughter. The hero of it was a gallant captain in a Highland Regiment, whom we will name McSleat, and who was ordinarily a very fair sportsman. "I was oot wi' Captain McSleat one day, and we found a

shtack on that pass up there. Ferry bad place for the shtack, he couldn't get oot o' that: no way up nae doon; rocks too shteep for that. No use shtalking that time, and we waak up the beast. The captain, he began firing aboot a hoondred yards, and kept waaking closer while the bullocks were strikking the rocks, and he fired twelve bullocks, and never hit a hair of the beast." Then he would raise his voice in shrill indignation. "And then he told me to go back to my hoose, and fetch more cartradges. I tell him he go fetch them himself."

It was, perhaps, from some hardy Norwegian ancestor that he inherited an extraordinary callousness to cold, for he never wore gloves on the coldest day, nor would he wear anything under his shirt or knickerbockers. He would sit for hours perched on a rock, exposed to the bitterest wind charged with those small round pellets of snow which sting the face; and sometimes one would see the white skin of his legs peeping out through some casual rent in his garment, yet apparently he paid little heed. Now and then he would blow on his fingers, and give himself one or two thumps on the chest, and then continue spying. Moreover, he had great courage. Tradition had it that in his youth, if a man fell out with Rory, it was bad for that man, for his swiftness and agility were more than a match for mere brute strength.

One day he was lying resting on his bed, which lay in a corner of the kitchen, concealed by a curtain, when a big tramp came to the door and begged from his wife. Mrs. Rory gave the tramp some food and tried to send him about his business, but he forced his way in, took off his boots, and sat down and made himself at home, ordering her about as if he were master of the place, thinking she was a widow woman. Rory watched him from his corner, and when a favorable opportunity occurred, made one spring on to the tramp's back. A half-naked man, with fingers like a vice throttling him from behind, was too much for the marauder; he fled out and up the glen without a word, leaving his boots and a broken pipe behind him. According to Rory, "he rin ferry fast that time," and ever after the tramp and gipsy tribe treated Mrs. Rory with respect.

On another occasion he was coming down from the hill with a party after a successful stalk, when they almost stepped on a large wild cat, which bolted into a cairn. Rory's hand, quick as a flash, snatched at the vanishing tail. The wild cat's power of rapid lissom twist and savage bite is double that of the domestic puss, but Rory was quicker still. The snatch was part of one movement which whirled the fierce brute round the man's head, and ended in the smash of its skull upon the rock. To face an angry wild cat with no weapon but a human hand requires no ordinary courage, and only a wild man with primitive instincts could have done it. These instincts, moreover, cropped up in other directions. His son, when a boy, having an hereditary taste for sport, used to follow his father afar off to see the fun—in short, to stalk the stalkers; and if Rory—as was usually the case—found him out, he would chase him back, hurling rocks at his son with no more compunction than if he were a recalcitrant bullock. A Highlander always drives his cattle with stones. Perhaps the son's taste for sport was quickened by a spirit of revenge, because a stag once attacked him in the glen on his five-mile walk from school. He crept for refuge into a small culvert, which conducted a stream beneath the road, and there he remained, crouching in this wet hiding-

place, the whole night long. The stag kept watch, and ran at him whenever he showed his face, and it was only on the approach of some men along the road in the morning that the stag took his departure.

In time, however, the insistence of the son was rewarded, and he was allowed to join the sportsmen and carry the rifle for his father, and eventually succeeded to his post.

As the years went on, although no one could perceive that the eye of the old man was dim or his natural force abated, yet he began to declare, without a tinge of regret or complaint, that he was not the man he had been. The warning of approaching failure of strength sometimes comes to a man like an instinct, and friends cry shame on him for owning to decay, if they do not perceive what he feels. He wishes to creep away quietly from his old haunts without any fuss, like a wild animal; and it was so with Rory. The marriage of his son was an excuse for him to retire, and remove, with his old wife and belongings, down the glen to a house built on the sea-shore, where the glory of the setting sun, reflected by the ocean, cast dancing lights about his doorway. There he would sit of an afternoon, musing in spirit on past stalks and on many a wild day spent among the crags which overhung his dwelling, sometimes threateningly and sometimes protectingly, according to the mood of the sky; and when the crack of a rifle resounded among them, he would hasten out into the road with his glass, and make out the sport from afar. Like many gifted with great personal strength, he lingered no space of time, but died in peace.

He now lies in one of those neglected acres, characteristic of the North, which grow more nettles than headstones, with no kirk's shadow to sanctify the spot: a mere piece of ground, surrounded by a wall massive enough to keep out the deer, and the wolves of a former age. The great impassive hills stand round about as a fitting background for the last resting-place of a king of the mountains, and the most appropriate monument to his fame is the sweet memory left behind by this wild and kindly son of Nature.

Gilbert Coleridge.

The Cornhill Magazine.

MISS AMELIA.

III.

Nearly a week had passed before I was able to pay another visit to Miss Amelia. I found her very feeble and somewhat annoyed because her eyes had failed, and she could not read, or even play Patience. "Jane reads to me," she explained, "but she never will learn the difference between a comma and a semi-colon, and always says 'hem!' every other minute." She was in good spirits, however, and gave me a warm welcome. "I've a nice surprise for you to-day," she said, after she had answered or parried my questions about her health. "The doctor came this morning—Jane quite absurdly insisted on sending for him—and I told him all about you and Dick's stupid shyness. He's a vulgar little man, but he has a great liking for Dick, and he promised to talk to him seriously about you. I don't know how he managed it—but Dick told me this afternoon that he would be glad to see you."

"Good!" I cried. "If he had avoided me much longer I should have begun to think that he was a myth."

Miss Amelia laughed. "Oh! Dick is substantial enough," she said; "though I wish he would eat more. It's my belief that he smokes far too much; I

expect that when you go into his room you'll find a dense blue fog. But it's his only luxury, so I never say anything to him about it."

"I'm a great smoker myself," I said, "so I'm afraid that I shan't set him a good example. Where is his room, by the way?"

"At the top of the house," answered Miss Amelia. "The door is on the right at the head of the stairs. I wish I could go up with you, but I'm afraid that's out of the question. However, the dragon shall show you the way when you've told me all the news."

"I won't trouble the dragon," I said. "I'll steal up and burst upon him unannounced. That'll be more informal and jolly."

Miss Amelia nodded approval. "I thought at first that he had better come down and meet you here," she went on; "but I'm sure that you would both prefer to be alone together and smoke your pipes and cigars. Dear me! I feel quite excited about it! It's rash to prophesy, but I don't mind telling you in confidence that you're perfectly certain to get on together splendidly. You're not unlike each other; when I first set eyes on you I do believe that if I hadn't heard your voice just before, I should have mistaken you for him. But your mouth is weaker than his." I could not help smiling as I remembered my unuttered criticism of Dick's photograph. "You're much the same build, and nearly the same height; at least if you had been in the Army, and had to hold yourself properly, you would have looked nearly as tall. I like tall fellows; and, would you believe it, when I was young the only men who fell in love with me were little niminy-piminies. I laughed at them all; a nice figure of fun I should have made with a beau as high as my elbow, shouldn't I? So here I am a poor old maid, and no one'll marry me now. Don't look alarmed, Mr. *preux chevalier;* I'm not trying to catch *you.*"

"I only wish you would," I replied. "I wasn't looking alarmed; I was looking sulky, because first of all you said that I resembled your wonderful nephew, and then you proceeded to explain that I was in all respects his inferior. I believe that really I'm far better and wiser and equally beautiful."

She leant forward and smiled. "I'll tell you one thing," she said, "in which you resemble him exactly. I can't tell your footsteps apart. Each time that I've heard yours outside the room I've thought that you were Dick."

"Oh, I shall supplant him yet," I said. "And now I shall go to call on him. You look tired," I added; "I had better say good-bye to you."

"No, no!" she cried. "You must come back and tell me all about it. I expect Dick will come down with you, and we'll all have tea together."

"Jane will have something to say about that!" I said. Miss Amelia looked naughtily defiant.

"Bother Jane!" she remarked.

As I went upstairs I found myself wondering what kind of a reception I should be given by the recluse in the attic. In spite of the pæans that Miss Amelia had sung in his praise, I was tolerably certain that Master Dick was rather a bear, and disapproved of my intrusions; otherwise he would at least have had the grace to thank me for rescuing his aunt from the regardant errand-boys. I was conscious of a sensation which had scarcely visited me since my school-days,—a sensation produced by a summons from a master to visit his study for reasons unknown or gloomily suspected. This was ridiculous, I told myself; I was without reproach, and if any one had behaved badly, it was the morose Dick; yet the fact remained that as I climbed the last flight of stairs I was strangely

nervous, and when I halted outside the door on the right, I felt that nothing but my affection for Miss Amelia would have forced me to face the ordeal of knocking on its panel.

I *did* knock, however, but heard no voice that summoned me to enter. I waited for a moment, then knocked again, equally fruitlessly. Probably, I thought, Mr. Dick, like most bears, was indulging in a protracted siesta. Once more I heartily thumped the panels, and then I turned the handle, opened the door, and entered the room.

I found myself in a large attic that was comfortably furnished in ordinary masculine taste; there were large leather arm-chairs and an oak table; stags' heads looked mildly down from the walls, and the few pictures were of a sporting character. Mr. Dick, unlike his aunt, evidently did not care for photographs; there was only one in the room, and that was the portrait of a girl in the costume, I think, of the late seventies or early eighties; she wore a jersey and a pleated skirt, and her hair was frizzed like a Zulu's. I observed these details after I had realized that the owner of the room was absent. Mr. Dick had evidently avoided me once again; the only trace that remained of him was a strong smell of stale tobacco smoke.

I was annoyed when I found that, after all, I might have spared myself my doubts and fears on the staircase, and after I had waited for five minutes, I made uncomplimentary remarks concerning Mr. Dick's methods of behavior, and decided to return for another talk with Miss Amelia. Then it occurred to me that she would be very much worried when she heard that my errand was fruitless; so I planted myself in one of the arm-chairs and resolved to await my absent host until midnight, if necessary. He had made an appointment with me, after all, and it would be an uncommon pleasure to put him to shame when he tardily appeared.

The stags' heads contemplated me with mild and respectful interest, and I stared at them, at the pictures, and at the lady in the jersey for about twenty minutes. I was beginning to feel heartily bored when I heard the sound of feet that ascended the stairs. At last, I thought, I was to meet the mysterious nephew, who, by the way, seemed even then to be in no particular hurry. I rose, and by the time the door opened had prepared a neat speech which would heap coals of fire on his perfidious head. But it was lost labor, for no male figure appeared on the threshold. Instead, I was confronted by the sturdy shape of Jane.

Though she had walked so leisurely upstairs she seemed slightly out of breath, and looked at me in a peculiar manner. Once again I had a momentary idea that she regarded me as a burglar; but before I could explain my presence in the room her words showed that she knew what had happened.

"Miss Amelia has just told me that you were here, sir," she said quietly. "I'm afraid from what she said that you've been waiting for some time."

"For nearly half an hour, Jane," I answered, in the tone of a patient martyr. "She arranged with Mr. Dick that I should meet him here, but he seems to have discovered a subsequent engagement."

I sat down again in one of the arm-chairs. Jane stood regarding me with the same intent expression for some moments, then she entered the room, closed the door, and walked deliberately towards me.

"I think it's high time that you were told something, sir," she said, halting in front of me. "I would have done it before, but I thought perhaps you would find out for yourself, like the doctor did. You've heard a lot about

meeting Mr. Dick. I'd better tell you once and for all that you'll *never* meet him."

She spoke firmly, but I could see that she was agitated.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that Mr. Dick refuses to have anything to do with me—that he doesn't like my coming to the house?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, sir!" she said slowly, "haven't you seen it all? There is no Mr. Dick."

I gazed at her with intense astonishment.

"No Mr. Dick!" I echoed. "Do you mean——" She cut me short.

"I mean that he's all imagination," she said. "The real Mr. Dick died more than twenty years ago. Whether his ghost haunts this house or not is more than I can say, but I've never seen it, at any rate. Sometimes I wish I could, for to hear Miss Amelia talking and listening to some one you can't hear or see is a great strain on the nerves. I'd have borne it for no one else but her."

I gasped. I had formed so complete an idea of the personality of the nephew, I had felt the sense of his actual presence in the place so strongly, that for a moment I was visited with a wild suspicion that he had suborned Jane into collaborating with him in a mad joke at my expense. But the aspect of that faithful retainer's face was enough to explode this theory.

"Well, it's extraordinary!" I said feebly. "And how long has he—has this state of things existed?"

"More than twenty years, sir," answered Jane. Her agitation seemed to have passed away, and she spoke calmly. "It's twenty-two, I think, since I first began to pretend he was still here."

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you've managed to—to keep it up; to go on pretending for all those years?"

Jane nodded. "Yes, sir," she answered. "It wasn't very difficult, with poor Miss Amelia always seeing him and imagining that he talked to her. I knew very soon that if I *didn't* pretend she would get miserable and perhaps come to her senses."

I stared again at this remarkable woman.

"But why didn't you want her to come to her senses?" I cried.

Jane looked at me almost pitifully.

"Don't you see, sir," she explained, "that if she'd come to her senses she'd have realized that Mr. Dick wasn't there, and she'd just have died of grief? It was far better to keep up the pretence and leave her happy. The doctor said just the same; he pretends he's a friend of Mr. Dick's and comes here to have a talk with him whenever he calls."

"Ah!" I said, "that accounts for the smell of smoke."

"Yes, sir," replied Jane. "Though when he didn't come I often burnt some tobacco on a tray. Any little thing like that, or leaving the room untidy, just as Mr. Dick used to, helps to keep Miss Amelia happy, and keep her from doubting that he is still here."

For some moments I meditated silently over Jane's astounding revelation. "By this time you must almost feel that he *is* still here," I said.

"Sometimes I do, sir," Jane answered. "And in a kind of a way he really is here; he lives on, you might say, in Miss Amelia's heart. I don't think that any one quite dies when they're remembered as she remembers Mr. Dick. But if he knows, and does live here in spirit, I haven't seen him."

"Then Miss Amelia has forgotten all about his death?" I asked.

Jane smoothed her apron with both hands.

"Thank God for that, sir," she said simply. "After the news came she was

at death's door herself for two months, and when she was better we found that she remembered nothing later than the time before he died, when he was living with her. Sometimes, on one of her bad days, she'll have a dim sort of idea that she has had dreadful news from Paris—Mr. Dick died in Paris—and she'll be miserable, but as soon as she sees his things lying about in this room she begins to imagine that he's back here again. It's at times like that when I have to be extra careful to keep up the pretence. I've even told her that I thought Mr. Dick looked well, or tired. Those were lies, I suppose, and I don't know what you'll think of me, but I do believe, sir, you'd have done just the same if you'd been in my place. It all helped to give my mistress a happy old age."

"Was Mr. Dick's death sudden?" I asked. Jane replied that he had been found drowned in the Seine. His history, of which she gave me an outline, was apparently as follows. He had been obliged to leave the Army because he had become involved in some discreditable gambling affair. Whether he had been accused of cheating, or whether he was the scapegoat of others, I do not know; but at any rate there was a vast scandal, and at the time when he resigned his commission he owed very large sums to moneylenders. His relatives, who were furious that he had disgraced a name famous in the military annals of England, refused to have anything more to do with him, except Miss Amelia, who quarrelled with them all on his account, realized most of her capital in order to pay his debts, and buried herself with him in the obscure street where I had met her.

They lived together for about a year; Dick attempted in vain to find any employment, and became, I imagine, more and more miserable. At last he went to Paris; a fortnight later his body was recognized in the Morgue by a former brother officer who was engaged in visiting the artistic attractions of the city.

Jane concluded his history with a gesture in the direction of the young woman in a jersey.

"That was his young lady, sir," she explained. "We thought her pretty and good, but she threw him over, like all the rest of them. Miss Amelia won't have anything to do with any of the family," she went on. "'If Dick's not good enough for them I'm not good enough,' she says. She's a lady of great spirit, sir, as I expect you've seen."

I did not answer. I was engaged in reflecting that my idea of Kentish Town and Gospel Oak as places where only unimportant persons dwelt and only drab and sordid events happened was singularly foolish. For me, Miss Amelia and her Jane shone with all the splendor of heroines of romance, and the dark little house became radiant with a fine light of love and devotion.

"So this," I said at last, "was why you looked at me so queerly that day when Miss Amelia fainted in the street?"

Jane smiled. "I didn't know what sort of a person you might be, sir, and I heard Miss Amelia ask you to come again and meet Mr. Dick. I didn't know whether you'd be able to do as the doctor does. He's very kind about it, though of course he looks on it all as a joke, and pretends that Mr. Dick is fond of ladies and a gay life." She paused for a moment, looking at me almost anxiously. "You will be able to do it, I hope, sir?" she asked.

"You mean—to keep up the pretence?" I said.

"That's it," said Jane. "It's got to be done," she added firmly.

I was silent for a short time. In the excitement of hearing her story I

had ignored the new complication that was created by my visit to Dick's room. "It will be rather difficult, won't it?" I asked.

Jane's expression instantly became stern.

"Difficult or not, it has to be done," she said quickly. "You must make up your mind to that, sir. If you can't do it, if your conscience won't let you——" she paused.

"If I can't do it I mustn't come here again, you mean," I said.

Jane made a grave gesture of assent.

"Never again," she said. "And that would be hard on Miss Amelia. She's taken to you, one can see." She looked at me steadily and then she smiled. "Oh! you'll do it!" she cried suddenly.

And at that instant I certainly felt that I would do anything for Miss Amelia—and for Jane. "I believe you're a witch!" I said, and held out my hand. We stood there for a moment like two conspirators swearing some infernal pact. "I'll have a try, at any rate," I said.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"I knew you would, sir," said Jane. "But don't go to see her now. She's tired, and it would be difficult for you. Next time you come I don't think you'll find it hard."

"Jane," I said, "you're a treasure among women."

"I've done my duty," said Jane briefly, "though it has been one long lie."

I am almost ashamed to add that, after forming this alliance in duplicity, I sneaked past Miss Amelia's door with the utmost caution, and drew a deep breath of relief when I was safely in the street. As I walked home I began to realize the difficulty of the task to which I had pledged myself, and I confess that I quailed before it. Nevertheless, Jane was right; nothing should be allowed to disturb Miss Amelia's illusions. I told myself that if I proved incapable of playing my part decently, my obvious duty would be to retire from the stage altogether. But this, now that I was deeply in love both with Miss Amelia and with Jane, was a thoroughly impossible prospect.

St. John Lucas.

(To be concluded.)

THE TELEPHONE AGAIN.

Ting-a-ling.

Patient Subscriber. Hullo.

Gruff Voice. Are you Bond and Lapel?

Patient Subscriber. I'm afraid you've got the wrong number. We're Gerrard 932041. The Society for the Prevention of Wet Feet amongst the Genteel Poor.

* * * * *

Ting-a-ling.

Same Patient Subscriber. Hullo.

Same Gruff Voice. Bond and Lapel?

S. P. S. No, they've given you the wrong number again. We're Gerrard 932041. Ring off, please.

* * * * *

Ting-a-ling.

S. P. S. Hullo.

S. G. V. Bond and Lapel? I'm Major——

S. P. S. My dear Sir, will you believe me that we're *not* Bond and Lapel? We're Gerrard 9-3-2-0-4-1. Don't let me have to speak to you again, there's a good fellow.

* * * * *

Ting-a-ling.

Exchange. You're thr-r-r-rough.

S. G. V. Hullo.

S. P. S. Hullo.

S. G. V. Bond and Lapel, dammit!

I want—— Don't you "tut" me, Sir. I TELL YOU YOU ARE.

S. P. S. Oh, all right. Well, what can I do for you?

S. G. V. EH?

S. P. S. I said, What can I do for you?

S. G. V. I'm Major Smith. I want you to make me——

S. P. S. Marjorie who? Speak up, please.

S. G. V. MAJOR, M-A-J-O-R, MAJOR. MAJOR SMITH. CAN YOU HEAR THAT? I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME A BLUE SERGE SUIT BY TO-MORROW WEEK.

S. P. S. A little louder . . . That's better. If you'll wait a moment I'll just jot down your measurements.

S. G. V. Measurements! What the——! I'm Major Smith.

S. P. S. Hold the line a moment and I'll see if we have them. Are you holding on? . . . Hullo. Major Smith, you said? Sorry, but the fact is we've got two Major Smiths on our books. Would you kindly tell me which one you are?

S. G. V. I'm Major—Smith—of—3—Mecklington—Gardens—Kensington.

S. P. S. Oh, yes. Close to the Oval.

S. G. V. KENS-S-SINGTON!

S. P. S. Oh, Kensington with an "s." Yes, I know. Well now, how would you like it made? Will you have the trousers to match? We're doing a very smart line in buff canary trouserings, just——

S. G. V. I said A BLUE SERGE SUIT, Sir!

S. P. S. Sorry. I was thinking of the other Major Smith. Then we'll say trousers to match. Yes, I've got that. Do you wear them turned up or down? Down. Trousers turned down and sleeves turned up. No, both down. Yes. Now what about box pleats? Shall we say box pleats?

S. G. V. Don't you put any of your new-fangled dodges on *my* clothes, young man, because I won't have it.

S. P. S. *No* box pleats. I'll make a special note of it. Then to-morrow fortnight without fail.

S. G. V. To-morrow WEEK. And if you don't send that dress suit of mine by six to-night——

S. P. S. Dress suit? Dress suit? What dress suit? This is the first I've heard of any dress suit.

S. G. V. WHAT?

S. P. S. It can't be done, old chap. You'll have to borrow one for to-night.

S. G. V. Y-y-you insolent p-puppy. P-put me through to the manager. AT once.

S. P. S. Thanks so much. Then I'll put you down for a subscription. The Society for the Prevention of Wet Feet amongst the Genteel Poor, you know.

S. G. V. ——! ——! ——! (Biff . . . bang . . . ting-a-ling . . . buz-z-z-z-z-z.)

S. P. S. Exchange.

Exchange. Number, please.

S. P. S. Put me through to the Repairs Department. . . Oh, Repairs Department. I'm ringing up on behalf of Major Smith, of 3, Mecklington Gardens, Kensington. Send someone round at once, please. His telephone has burst.

Punch.

THE PRESS SEES THE RUSSIAN DANGER.

We have long been absolutely alone in the English Press in describing the rapidity with which Russia had made good the losses of the Manchurian campaign, and in stating that Germany was the country specially threatened

by the enormous preparations of the Muscovite Power. When the new Army Bills were introduced in Germany for the increase in the Army we took occasion most strongly to doubt the accuracy of the assertions in the whole of our contemporaries that it was a gratuitous attempt to intimidate France. Taking for granted the permanent hostility which must underlie the relations between France and Germany, we were convinced at the same time that it was the growing strength of the war preparations of Russia which had filled German statesmen with genuine alarm. There is no English journal, we may venture to assert, at present, which will any longer deny that Germany has cause for apprehension in face of the arrogant defiance which the entire Russian Press, without distinction of party and no doubt by official command or inspiration, has flung in the face of the Emperor William II, his general staff, and all his legions under the Old Army Law or the New. "Yes, we are perfectly ready to fight Germany and her allies. We are not yet as strong as we intend to be, and we shall continue to grow stronger every year. We can vastly increase even our present growth of power and preparation. We have a million and a-half of men in the front line. We can have five or ten millions to support that front line. Our population increases by two millions every year. We can place double the previous number of conscripts in the ranks next year, if we choose. We do not say that we want war with Germany, at present at least; but we are prepared enough already to fight at once. And Russia will wage no defensive war. It will be an offensive war, pushed home in the enemy's country. Let Germany understand that Russia will no longer tolerate her opposition, and laughs at her lectures." Such is a literal and unexaggerated summary of the practically unanimous declarations of the Russian Press, Metropolitan and Provincial. Germany has heard no such language since the days, nearly forty-four years ago, when the ill-fated armies of Napoleon III cried out "A Berlin," and marched to death or captivity.

Some speculators at Whitehall and Westminster on the balance of power in Europe must have been almost as shocked and astonished as the most optimistic of the old veterans of Von Moltke and Von Roon, who had lived down to this year of grace in the proud confidence that was born of the great triumph of 1870. Just as an old general or colonel who had served at Versailles, while the King of Prussia was being crowned German Emperor within the captured Palace of Louis XIV, must have felt the Russian challenge last week like the stinging slap of a gauntlet in the face, so the politicians of English Front Benches, who were only concerned about the preponderance of Germany, must have waked up to an ugly consciousness of having woefully misread all the signs of the times. They must feel to-day that the preponderance of power is dangerously near asserting itself in a totally different quarter. For our own part, after carefully consulting the sources of our previous information, after examining much new evidence, we are not far from believing that, if the war were to break out to-day, it is Germany that might easily suffer an overthrow at least as great as was the misfortune of France nearly half a century ago. The military character of the German population has not improved during that half-century. The alarming transference of that population, from the hardy occupations of agricultural life to the close confinement of factories and mills and the dull existence in streets and lanes, has not been to the advantage of the classes which supply the

military force of the Fatherland. No such deterioration has affected the subjects of the Tsar; or if it has in the few manufacturing districts which exist, the vast bulk of the Russian people is still a rural and agricultural one. In the first days of the Bulgarian invasion of Turkey we pointed out that the new conditions of war, and the new universality of military service, were especially suitable to a people of peasants. A peasant army can be formed from tillers of the soil, and still enough hands will be left behind to keep the main industry of the fields and farms in fair vigor for months together. When a manufacturing population has been called to the fields of battle, the manufactures which they are compelled to abandon can be kept in operation by no other hands. A cessation of German industry for a month might not be compensated in a generation. The fields of Russia could go on half-tilled for a twelvemonth, and after the war was over would not be much the worse of what had taken place. One can understand at least the bitterness with which German newspapers complain that the "civilization" of their country is menaced by the "barbarism" of Russia. At the time of the fall of the Roman Empire there were plenty of similar complaints on the lips of Roman patricians and scholars who were aroused from the enjoyment of the most exquisite culture and luxury by the ferocious march of endless columns of savage spearmen, Goths and Vandals and Huns, who could make war for a generation and feel no want of those refinements of life which senators and Roman citizens felt to be indispensable.

We have not been surprised to notice a great extension of the hostile criticisms in Germany upon the Emperor William's unfortunate methods of improving upon Prince Bismarck. There are three or four fundamental blunders which are now matter of reproach against him; and it must be admitted that from many points of view they were blunders of the first magnitude. In the first place, many Germans now doubt the wisdom of creating that enormous fleet in the North Sea, which could only irritate and alarm England, but which was useless to repel a single Cossack sotnia on the Danube or the Oder. Next, people remember with bitter merriment the Emperor William's ultra-European denunciations of the Yellow Peril, just as if the rise of Japan was not a most useful check upon the insatiable ambition of the Russian power—a check which was unfortunately left unutilized by Germany when Russia was almost helpless and disarmed after the catastrophe in Manchuria. But, most of all, German thinkers are now disposed to question the commonsense, or openly deplore the folly, of that famous bond of "friendly neutrality" with which the Emperor William secured his Petersburg friend and august ally against any anxiety from Polish discontent during the weakness produced by the Terrorist Revolution. In connection with this specific subject of repentance a good deal of German opinion deplores the manner in which Prussian traditions have deprived Germany of the sympathy of the Poles, and have even forced the Poles to submit without a protest to the Russian domination. "Warsaw is the capital of Poland, and we have helped Russia to make it the headquarters of the Muscovite menace to Germany." Is it retribution? Unfortunately it may also be the destruction of the European balance of power, which is the fundamental guarantee of British security.

The Outlook.

THE ETERNAL OPTIMIST.

We have all been watching lately, in the relations of the United States with Mexico, the havoc which may be accomplished by motives that are admittedly excellent. It is a most disagreeable paradox that the earnestness and integrity of mind, which have enabled President Wilson to conquer more difficulties in domestic legislation than have been conquered in a comparable period by any other President, should create difficulties at every turn when they are applied to foreign politics. But unhappily such paradoxes are familiar. It is not possible to apply to dealings with other nations the same set of rules which may be perfectly effectual with one's own countrymen. Only an incurable optimist can believe that pious formulæ furnish a sovereign solution of international jealousy, meanness, and misunderstanding. We Englishmen, at all events, have very good reason to know that an olive branch held out to a rival is often supposed to hide a dagger. To fear the Greeks when they bring gifts is an ancient form of suspicion; and probably, if the very wide and vague Arbitration Treaties which are being negotiated by the United States are signed in their present shape, they will lead to deep disappointment, and possibly to disputes rather more dangerous than any which they will be invoked to cure. It may seem ungracious to say this of instruments which are obviously inspired by humaneness and the love of peace; but we need look no further than Mexico to see that a Government as righteously minded as Mr. Wilson's may arrive at a policy of practical cynicism which would give pause even to a Bismarck. At all events, Bismarck would not have looked on patiently in the name of peace while human life and the property of innocent foreigners were being daily sacrificed in a neighboring country. And we may be allowed to offer our criticism, moreover, in the interests of arbitration, which we do not wish to see brought into disrepute by unnecessary failure.

An excellent example of the type of optimism we mean is provided in an interview with Mr. Bryan which was recently published in the *Daily Chronicle*. "Mr. Bryan's eyes," says the interviewer, "shone with the enthusiasm of humanity, his voice throbbed with the passion for universal peace, as he reeled off to me the successes already achieved in the signing of Arbitration Treaties by thirteen nations." Possibly the interviewer has exaggerated, but if Mr. Bryan really shone and throbbed we should draw bad omens from symptoms which are highly inappropriate to the discussion of such extraordinarily complicated and technical documents as Arbitration Treaties. Lord Pauncefote applied all the energies of his mind in as dry a light as possible to the Treaty which stands in his name and in that of Mr. Hay; but, even so, he did not ward off the troubles of divided interpretation about the Canal tolls that are now tormenting us. If he had shone and throbbed the equivocations of phraseology would certainly have been more pronounced. Progress in the cause of arbitration is not to be reckoned by counting heads—the heads of hastily tinkered-up treaties turned out on a universal model. We suspect a certain slyness in the interviewer when we read the following words: "I surmised that he [Mr. Bryan] would reserve many matters from discussion. Which he did. I asked him whether Mexico was to be included among the countries to be invited to join in the pledge

of preliminary peaceable arbitration, in every phase of international controversy." Mr. Bryan sagaciously replied: "We will leave Mexico in particular out of the discussion." Nevertheless, he went on to describe the scope of the treaties in a manner which shows that Mexico could not, after all, be left out if there is anyone in control of that country with whom Mr. Wilson consents to have any dealings at all. Mr. Bryan said:—

"The President has excluded no one. All are invited to adopt the clauses of the treaties. All treaties are the same in their essentials, although they vary somewhat in their form. But in their vital principles he has offered these treaties to all nations without any reference or regard to their size or strength. We hope to get all the Great Powers in agreement; but we want small as well as great, because the quarrels and bickerings of the smaller nations too often embroil the greater nations."

These words, of course, make the tremendous, and, to our thinking, fatal, assumption that the word of every nation may be regarded as a perfect bond, as a promise that will be redeemed in an honorable sense, whatever may be the passions of partisans and Jingoes and immoral legalists who find that the language of a treaty can be pressed so as to yield some meaning other than its obvious one. As though to emphasize the rhetorical vagueness of his thought in a region in which precision is essential, Mr. Bryan seized upon an illustration which the *Daily Chronicle* calls "happy," but which we call ominous:—

"Mr. Bryan got up from his chair in the beautiful Conference room of the State Department, with its furnishing of blue leather and ebony, and its photographs of previous Secretaries of State—some of them well loved by the British whom they met in London—and crossed over to where I was seated by the window, below which the so-called 'Peaceful Potomac River' was now lashed with foam-topped waves, laden with 'rotten' ice-floe, and driven beyond its banks by a cruel north-east wind, travelling at seventy miles an hour. 'So surely as that stormy condition will subside and the surface of the water will become calm again, so surely will Arbitration Treaties which are made really binding, and the clauses of which are observed conscientiously, pave the way to a permanent means of settling international disputes.'"

How a Secretary of State can talk in that way when the unsolved problem of Mexico seems to give the lie even to the soberest word that can now be uttered by the Government is a puzzle for the psychologists of optimism. Mr. Bryan reminds us of the story of an Englishman visiting Ireland, in the days of the Land League, who was assured by an optimistic Irish landlord that there was no crime and no violence in his country. All the assertions to the contrary, he said, were malicious inventions. The Englishman had scarcely passed out of the lodge-gates of his host when a bullet passed through his hat. Returning to the house, he demanded to know the meaning of this outrage. "Oh, that's nothing at all," replied his genial host; "it's just a blackguard in the shrubbery." Blackguards in the shrubbery may pop their heads up in every direction, but Mr. Bryan's rhetoric passes over them as though they did not exist.

Mr. Bryan went on to say that perhaps the most important point in the treaties is that they provide in every case for investigation before action is taken:—

"Investigation gives time for consideration, for friendly intervention, for discussion, for change of view—for everything, in fact, that is likely to check hasty action, with its deplorable consequences. That, I think, is the

great need of the moment. Anything may happen in six or twelve months to bring about a changed view, especially when outside investigators are examining all the details, all the evidence, every phase of each point concerned."

We may picture the advantages of an Arbitration Treaty with Mexico—the time for consideration while Bentons are being murdered, the friendly intervention as understood and appreciated by a Huerta, a Villa, or a Carranza. "Hasty action" would no doubt be checked when convenient by the Mexican bandits quite as enthusiastically as by Mr. Bryan himself. It is quite true that anything may happen in six or twelve months. Thirteen of these valuable treaties have already been signed, and the representative of Yuan Shih-kai (a most arbitrary man, if not exactly an arbitrationist) is on his way to Washington to sign another. Portugal is one of the countries which have already signed. The binding force of the Portuguese treaty may be measured by the undertakings that Portugal has from time to time given to Britain to put down the slave trade in Portuguese West Africa. The latest news is that the officials in Angola are not only sanctioning the trade, but taking part in it themselves. In some of the treaties which Mr. Bryan has completed there is a clause providing that preparations for war shall cease while investigation of the dispute is in progress. Six countries have accepted that clause. We should very much like to know which countries. We will venture to predict that when the turn of Turkey comes she will be certain to accept it. The worth of the clause, even when it is formally accepted, may be seen from the proviso that it is not binding if either party to the dispute is in danger from a third Power. Mr. Bryan may some day have to take account of the realities of the dangers which threaten Turkey from Honolulu, or China from Persia, or Japan from the wild men of Borneo.

In all seriousness, however, we may make one exception. We believe that an Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty of the fullest possible scope would be both safe and useful. The United States is a satisfied country. She wants no new territory; her greatest interest is to preserve the present geography of the nations. It is not wise, safe, or useful, on the other hand, to make wide Arbitration Treaties involving what are called vital interests and questions of honor with nations which are not in this frame of mind. That is the simple sense of the matter.

Mr. Bryan and Mr. Wilson, of course, dislike the ordinary diplomatist because they hold him a man of soulless qualities, without what Mr. Bryan would, perhaps, call "moral uplift." This is, we think, an injustice to diplomacy. Old-fashioned British diplomacy has served this country faithfully, for the most part wisely, and, above all, cleanly. In recent years the United States has been building up a professional and expert Diplomatic Service somewhat on the British model. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan have very nearly swept this away, as we read in the American *Outlook* of March 7th. They are, of course, above "jobbery." Their *métier* is, indeed, to abolish jobbery. Yet once again we fear that they may achieve a paradox, and arrive at a sinister result worthy of arch-bosses by a very different route. Pacifists, who are not trained as diplomatists or who have not had the experience of foreign affairs, may run their heads unconsciously into the very hives of trouble which they wish to avoid. You cannot, after all, go into this business of foreign policy without experts. It is not necessary to let the experts be your masters. What is

wanted is their knowledge, not their rule. Finally, there is something worse than being ruled by experts; and that is being ruled by circumstances, as Mr. Wilson now is ruled in Mexico.

The Spectator.

NAVAL ARMAMENTS AND PRIZE MONEY.

The ruinous extravagance which has characterized Mr. Churchill's administration of the Admiralty was fitly framed in the warlike and arrogant tone of his speech introducing the Navy Estimates. The general impression produced by the speech was one of chaos and confusion. Mr. Churchill does not know where he is. He knows, indeed, as much as an amateur can rapidly acquire about aeroplanes and airships, and battleships and cruisers, and destroyers and submarines. But in these matters he can never hope to be in a position to bargain on equal terms with the practical men whose business it is to manufacture or manage all this machinery of destruction. Nothing, indeed, could be less desirable than that the Cabinet Minister whose function it is to control naval policy and naval expenditure should be trying to carry on the business of choosing types, inspecting docks, and supervising details. If only there had been a man of entirely different stamp to succeed Mr. McKenna—a man of prudence, commonsense, moderation, with business capacity and a grasp of finance, as well as with a desire to carry out honorably and consistently the pledges made by and on behalf of the Admiralty in 1911—the expenditure of the country this year would be ten millions less, and taxpayers would have been saved from all kinds of absurdities. It is, of course, impossible in the limited space at our disposal to attempt to arrange and explain in any sort of order the confused mass of rhetoric and statistics which Mr. Churchill laid before a rather thin and unenthusiastic House of Commons. Perhaps the salient features of his oration were his contemptuous comparison of the once terrible Dreadnought—though four new monsters are to be constructed!—to an eggshell; his lecture to Canada on its failure to carry out his wishes; his lengthy discourse upon oil, and his audacious statement (in reply to complaints that he does not observe his own ratios) that ratios are superseded by programmes. There was not a word about a naval holiday proposal. There was hardly a serious attempt to meet criticisms. He told us, for instance, that he is making desperate efforts to increase the supply of officers, besides attracting 5,000 additional men from productive employments into the Navy. But he did not explain why, if the supply of officers is deficient, he has been able to lend Greece and Turkey 20 or 30 picked officers without even consulting the House of Commons. Perhaps the most startling of all his statements is that the Admiralty, while it professes to build battleships at an 8 to 5 ratio, is aiming at a 2 to 1 ratio for cruisers, while there are "other standards for other classes!" It is quite clear that with Mr. Churchill at the helm, supported by Mr. Lee and the professionals, all the surplus resources of the country will be engaged in financing armaments. However, even Mr. Churchill has yielded a point not, indeed, to political pressure, but to the wishes of the Navy; for after describing again his weird scheme for arming merchantmen, the First Lord continued:—"There is one matter in which

our practice should undergo alteration. The Board of Admiralty have decided to recommend to the Government the abolition of prize money. There is a strong feeling among naval officers that the private enrichment of individuals by acts arising out of warfare is not compatible with the highest conception of the military or naval profession." This is a very welcome announcement, and one upon which the Royal Navy is to be congratulated. It gets rid of a practice highly discreditable to this country, and singularly foolish in view of the immense quantity of floating capital which is exposed to retaliatory depredations. Prize money, we may add, has never been adopted in Germany, and has been abolished in the United States.

Mr. Churchill's complete change of policy, tone, and temper in regard to armaments since he entered the Admiralty marks a serious relapse from the ordinary standards of public men and the unwritten laws of public life. If, when he found that all his rhetoric about peace and goodwill finding the safety it seeks, and about his hereditary position as the standard bearer of economy, and about the incompatibility of uniting social progress with naval expansion, had to be scrapped and thrown on the dustheap the moment he became First Lord of the Admiralty, and so for the first time got the chance of realizing his convictions, and putting his principles into practice, then he should certainly not have snatched at that office, but should have gone to his constituents to tell them of the revolution that had come over his convictions and opinions. After that he might have retired for a time to the political wilderness, or into some place like that immortalized by the great Roman poet where the taint of old sins is removed. Perhaps Mr. Churchill thinks that the public is willing to allow complete licence to its favorites, and that by tub-thumping on party lines about Ulster he can reconcile the Liberal party to his naval economics. If so, he must have been uncomfortably reminded of realities by the speech of Mr. Philip Snowden, whose terrific attack on the armament ring made a deep impression on the House of Commons. Mr. Snowden started with a broad statement that the increase of naval expenditure has practically absorbed every penny of the additional revenue which has come from the taxation imposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the so-called People's Budget of 1909. That may be a slight exaggeration, but it is true, as we have more than once said, that Mr. Lloyd George's Budget has proved in the main an armor-plate Budget. The money taken from income-tax and death duties has gone to maintain or enhance the profits of the armament firms, and to provide for an ever-rising expenditure on the Army and Navy. Mr. Snowden is a Socialist, and Mr. Eyres-Monsell, who replied to him, is a Conservative. But when the latter denounces the naval expenditure as miserably inadequate, and the former presses for economy, the propertied classes may well feel that their enemies are trying to protect them from their friends. Mr. Churchill told Mr. Middlemore that at the present time Great Britain is constructing 33 torpedo boat destroyers, while Germany is constructing 12, and that Great Britain is constructing 18 protected and unarmored cruisers, while Germany is constructing 4. It can be proved also that in the matter of battleships the British strength is far in excess of the 8 to 5 standard. In the face of such facts, we venture to ask once more how any person with a grain of common sense can prate about a national emergency, or pretend that the security of this country is en-

dangered by the naval preparations of Germany? Mr. Churchill's administration is clearly provocative and profligate. He is encouraging the growth of armaments both at home and abroad. If his language were different, he might perhaps be represented as a victim of the armaments ring, and of the strangely ramified interests which Mr. Snowden tried to trace. But the First Lord glories in his shame. He burns what he adored and he adores what he burnt.

Sir Edward Grey's speech is another curious comment on the new situation. When the Unionists were in power Liberal politicians and journalists were wont to declare that armaments depend upon policy, and that the way to reduce armaments was to get into power a Liberal Government which would change the foreign policy of the country. Sir Edward Grey now repudiates this view, for obviously, he says, there is another side to be considered: "Foreign policy must depend very largely on naval strength, and for that reason from the end of 1915 we are to have a force of 12 battleships and battle cruisers with their ancillary vessels in the Mediterranean." In this connection he touched on our Turkish policy, and declared that he wishes the integrity of the Turkish dominions in Asia to be preserved. He sees no reason why English financiers should not lend money to Turkey for commercial purposes; for the Turkish Government is arranging for reforms in Armenia, and has given him the most explicit assurances that it is not preparing for a war of revenge in Europe. What, then, is the meaning of the naval mission to Constantinople, and of the purchase of the Brazilian battleship at a time when the Turkish Government is at its wit's end for money? To this question Sir Edward Grey did not address himself. But it might have been taken, we think, by Mr. Snowden as another illustration of his theme. If financial trouble comes in the next few months to the creditors of Turkey and Greece, the action of the Admiralty and the words of Sir Edward Grey will most assuredly come up for criticism. We may conclude by expressing a hope that, whatever the Government may do, the House of Commons will insist upon an enquiry into armament finance, and especially into the international character of the work done by British companies. Can it, for instance, be true, as Mr. Snowden asserted, that "there is not a single firm having contract work with the Government which has not either on its board or in its service a man who has been in Government service at some time"—a man who knows the ropes, and is "likely to be able to get advance information that will be useful"? Can it be true that the purchases made by the Admiralty and the War Office are based not on price or quality, but on favor? Again, is it to the public interest that the secrets which Mr. Churchill prizes so much should be at the disposal of foreign Governments, and that the leading British armament companies should have great establishments in foreign countries, including at least one against whom our Admiralty is professedly arming? It seems to us to be perfectly ridiculous that while the British taxpayer is called upon at a vast sacrifice to maintain in the Mediterranean a fleet equal or superior to that of Italy, a great British armament firm should be building war vessels for the Italian Government, and so assisting to strengthen, with all its latest patents and contrivances, one of the navies against which we are supposed to be arming for battle.

The Economist.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It would be hard to exaggerate the delicate beauty of "Billy: the True Story of a Canary-Bird" by Maud Thornhill Porter, which makes its appearance in the spring output of the Mosher press. The subject of this charming bit of biography was a stolid German bachelor canary when he first came under the loving observation of the writer of this sketch. Mated later with a frivolous little French canary, he was slow to understand her ways or to accommodate his ways to hers; but their common life was a happy one, until death robbed him of her, just as she was brooding over three tiny eggs. The introduction of another mate, to all outward appearance the duplicate of the first, only bewildered without consoling him, and it was long before he became again his own cheerful self. Close observation, affectionate insight and a pretty fancy go to the telling of the little tale.

A. E. W. Mason's latest novel "The Witness for the Defence" (Charles Scribner's Sons) opens and closes in England, but the intermediate and most tragic scenes are in India. It is there that the trial takes place in which the "witness for the defence" plays so important a part. The man, Captain Ballantyne, whose murder is the central incident of the tragedy, is so unmitigated a brute and bully that the reader feels no regret at his taking off; but the mystery of the murder is not clearly disclosed until the later chapters, by which time the reader has half guessed it. The story is one of absorbing interest, from the first page to the last. The characterization is excellent and there is plenty of incident. If the book does not take its place among the "best-sellers" it will argue a curious dulness on the part of the novel-reading public.

It was obviously for the layman that Professor Paul Vinogradoff of the University of Oxford wrote the compact little volume on "Common-Sense in Law," which appears in the Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.). And the average layman, who is perhaps sometimes tempted to believe that there is no common-sense in law, will find the author's explanations of the fundamental principles of law and the intricacies of legislation at once interesting and illuminating. Some of the cases cited, and some of the processes described are drawn from the practice of English courts; but, in the main, the exposition is as applicable here as in England. It is remarkable how the multum-in-parvo principle works out in these volumes of the Home University Library, all of which are freshly written for present-day readers.

The title which Arthur Stanwood Pier has given his novel "The Women We Marry" suggests that he regards the two women whose caprices he portrays with such vividness and insight as typical of young wives and mothers of to-day. It would be a pity if it were so; for, in the one case, we have a bride upon her honeymoon wooed so earnestly by a former lover as to be almost persuaded to fly with him, and in the other case we have a wife actually beginning her flight with a young lover, and halted, just in time, by an accident. Surely, these are not typical cases: not every bride tells her husband on her honeymoon that she is sorry she married him and is longing for some one else, or encourages the emotions of an immature youth until

they pass the danger point. Yet unhappily there are instances enough in real life of just such caprices as Mr. Pier finds in his women, and there is a sort of poetic justice in the fact that it is the lover who tries his best to wreck the first marriage who is the lonely and unhappy husband in the second. In both instances, it is the promise and fulfilment of motherhood which works a cure, though the spell is more quickly felt by Rosamond, who is the stronger character, than by Dorothy, who is feeble and fickle at the best. Yet even she, when her little boy, to whom she has given slight attention and from whom she has had few evidences of affection, nestles up to her with love in his heart, finds impossible the disloyalty to which she had almost consented. The story is skilfully told, and holds the reader's attention to the last. The scene is, for the most of the time, in and near Boston. The Houghton Mifflin Co.

"An American History" by Nathaniel Wright Stevenson, Professor of History in the College of Charleston (Ginn & Co.) covers the whole subject from the voyages of the Vikings, ten centuries and more ago down to the inauguration of President Wilson,—and this within the compass of about six hundred moderate-sized pages. But, in spite of the necessary compression, the narrative is written in an easy and at times almost colloquial style; and the author has succeeded well in his avowed purpose to treat the colonial history of this country in its proper perspective, and the later history without partisan or sectional prejudice. The book is abundantly and attractively illustrated and is well-suited to class-room use.

Within the covers of Katharine Fullerton Gerould's "Vain Oblations" (Charles Scribner's Sons) one finds seven stories,—each independent of the others—and all fully charged with tragedy. And it is tragedy of no common sort. These are no detective tales of robbery and murder and other crimes. The tragedies are of the heart, and only secondarily of outward circumstances; and they are told with extraordinary vividness and power. No words are wasted in mere description. The style is direct and almost epigrammatic, and the narrator, usually, is a third person who has had intimate knowledge of the actors in the drama. The title-story is almost the grimmest of all,—the story of the daughter of a missionary in Africa, who escapes massacre only to be taken prisoner by a savage chief and subjected to every indignity, and who, found at last by her lover after a long quest, has been so changed by the horrors of her life that he does not recognize her, and is not assured of her identity until she takes her own life rather than reveal herself to him. In "The Mango-Seed" the reader is left to his own conjectures as to the underlying mystery. In "The Wine of Violence" we have the story of a man tried, convicted on circumstantial evidence, and executed for wife-murder, whose wife meanwhile. having deserted him out of hatred, preserves carefully in her new home, the newspaper files containing the reports of the trial, and thereby betrays her identity to a chance visitor who is cognizant of the facts. Only once in "On the Staircase" is the supernatural introduced; and then very skilfully. It would be just as well, perhaps, not to read all seven stories at a sitting, just before retiring; but the tragedy in them is very real and so are the characters.

Every one who has enjoyed Dr. Oliver Huckel's admirable retellings, in English verse, of Wagner's music dramas, will welcome the supplemen-

tary volume, "Richard Wagner: The Man and his Work," in which, with great simplicity and directness and with loving appreciation he tells the story of the master's life. The little book is in three parts: the first giving an outline of Wagner's life; the second describing and summarizing his characteristics; and the third analyzing and estimating the eleven great music-dramas which Dr. Huckel has rendered in English verse. The book is so well proportioned and is written from such fulness of knowledge that it leaves upon the reader's mind a more vivid impression of the real Wagner than a biography of more portentous size might have done. There are portraits of Wagner and his wife and several other illustrations. The clear and attractive typography is the work of the Merrymount Press. (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.)

Mr. Dean C. Worcester's "The Philippines Past and Present" makes two imposing volumes furnished with a good index and lacking nothing except a portrait and autograph of the author. Possibly, he is content to be known by samples of the work to which he has set his hand, such as is afforded by the frontispiece of his second volume. This presents two photographs of Pit-a-pit, a Bontoc Igorot. The first shows him in his natural costume of a grin, and little else, unless one counts a head-dress. He does not stand like a "young Mohawk warrior," but like a Thlinkit Indian, and his only physical grace is an absolute lack of rigidity. In the second picture, arrayed in spotless white, and holding a modestly handsome hat, he looks both elegant and intelligent. He is the result of nine years of American teaching and training and he is but one of hundreds. Still, we are not beloved in the Philippines, and were there battalions and regiments like him, the mass of the Filipinos would still be unmoved. We have assisted them to throw off a yoke which they complained was galling; have given them the religious liberty which they professed to desire above rubies, although for centuries they endured life without it, and never lifted a finger against it except in the way of quiet assassination. We have fulfilled all their demands except their modest request for the heads of various American officers and private soldiers, diplomatists, missionaries and consuls. The remission of taxes, the repeal of laws, and the restoration of happy anarchy are also matters in which we have not found it possible to gratify them. Alas! is it not only too evident that these Americanos are men without souls and hearts? Yet there is Pit-a-pit, Bontoc Igorot, looking from the frontispiece with poise enough for a royal and Imperial reception! It is borne in upon the mind that the Filipino character, like the Caucasian and the African, and the Malay, varies with the individual. "Spice, nutmegs and cloves these islands produce, And little beside for man's comfort and use," ran the old nursery distich. Some day, they shall produce men, fitted for the hand of the great Artificer to use in His work.

Ex-Secretary Worcester takes less than ten pages to give an account of his education as a practical zoologist and botanist, forester, doctor, agriculturist, and enforcer of marine and land quarantine regulations. His political influence was confined to his own vote, but he was allowed to fill his varied offices in the Philippine service for twelve years, seeing the Admiral, the President of the Philippine commission and many a general and governor leave the islands, he staying until his voluntary retirement, September 15, 1913. His patience and fair mindedness are made patent by

this simple statement. That the average American is helplessly ignorant of Philippine matters one may guess when told that Secretary Worcester found three college presidents who believed that the current expenses of the Philippine government were paid from the United States Treasury. Secretary Worcester from time to time quotes from Judge Blount's "The American Occupation of the Philippines, 1898-1912," fills in some of the gaps in his testimony and thus discharges what he regards as his duty to his own country, and "to the several Filipino peoples to-day in danger of rushing headlong to their own utter and final destruction." He shows by documents that the Filipino leaders, so far from establishing an adequately protective government, for a considerable period conducted a reign of terror relieved by such divertisements as burying citizens alive. Lastly, he distinguishes between documents written for American reading with intent to deceive, and documents written for the edification and government of Filipinos, and including the orders of Aguinaldo, dictator. This whole first volume should be read almost line by line.

Some of the criticisms of Generals are excellent. "If there was fighting to be done [General Lawton] promptly and thoroughly whipped everything in sight, . . . punished looting and disorder with a heavy hand . . . and won the good-will of all Filipinos with whom he came in contact." But those who wish to know the good and bad qualities of the belligerent parties have only to read. The civil service reports, the administration of justice; health conditions and the construction of highways, the head-hunters and the coordination of scientific work occupy the rest of the volume.

In the second volume one comes down to details some grim, some encouraging, all deadly serious, and here Secretary Worcester permits Mr. Kipling to speak for him, citing the Englishman's poem "If," which the American administrator sent to every governor and lieutenant-governor in the Philippines. The two had similar opinions of the "silent sullen peoples" who judge the white man and the white man's God entirely by the white man's behavior.

Then the indefatigable Secretary defends all his coworkers who seem to need it, and, thanks to American newspapers and American tourists their number is large, and he tells the tale of what has already been done in the islands and what shall be done if the United States government can bring it to pass. He says, "The real Philippine question has been settled . . . by a Divine Providence that is all seeing, all wise, inexorable. It is not whether they shall travel the old road a little slower or a little faster. It is shall they make their journey, guided, helped and protected by the strong hand of the United States of America, or shall they be left to stagger along alone, blind in their own conceit, under the keen and watchful eye of another powerful nation hungrily awaiting their first misstep?" What will the reader say?

The Appendixes contain all the State documents necessary for reference, and the Index is very good. The pictures leave nothing to be desired for they include weapons, animals, villages, houses, boats, schoolhouses, birds, old roads and new, carts and bridges, and a good map of China, India, Australia, Sumatra and Borneo and Manila, "the future distributing centre for the Far East." Mr. Kipling prophesied as much in "A Disturber of Traffic." His words have a way of being fulfilled. (Macmillan Co.)